

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1848.

THE DEATH-BED OF WESLEY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THERE, reader, on that couch of death, lies a dying man, who, at more than seventeen winters beyond his three score years and ten, looks backward on a life all spent in doing good, and forward, as you may see by his upturned eyes, to a crown richer and less transitory than monarchs wear.

Not only the countenance of the pale victim, but the gaze of hushed visitors, and the fixed attention of deaf and hoary age, and the subdued wonder of youth, and the uplifted finger of amazement, and the overflowing grief of friendship, and, as ever, the broken heart of woman, all remind you, reader, that you are in the presence of one, whose character, life, and usefulness, must have been more than common.

The fame of Wesley rests on the three great elements of human character, which, whatever his enemies may think of him, he possessed in an extraordinary measure.

First of all, he was largely endowed with intellectual greatness. His mind, if I mistake not, was characterized by penetration, clearness, soundness, originality, independence, compass, vivacity, and vigor. These, I think, constitute the enumeration of his leading mental qualities, either of which, as he shared them, would give any one distinction.

Many a man, like Aristotle, has acquired a name for greatness, by possessing merely an uncommon penetration; but Wesley, as I think, was not much surpassed, in this particular, by that great philosopher. It is true, he did not, like the Athenian, devote his intellect exclusively to those studies, by which his acuteness might be made manifest; but, wherever he has treated of the profounder topics in philosophy and religion, he has shown the genius of a master. Without the subtilty or the system of a metaphysician, because he gave himself but little practice in speculation, his logic is yet always close, consecutive, and conclusive—a praise not due even to Aristotle.

Plato among the ancients, and Lord Bacon of all the moderns, bear the palm for the combined qualities of depth and clearness; but Wesley, if he delves not as deep as Plato, or goes not with Bacon to the

very roots of all things, is certainly as perspicuous in what he does say as either. But a man cannot write, without thinking, clearly. Generally, in fact, he thinks more clearly than he composes; though this fact is of difficult application to John Wesley; for his style is so transparent, his thoughts appear so plainly through it, that you at once forget the medium which covers without at all concealing them.

That mental property, which gave to Socrates his freedom from superstition, and his great elevation as a philosopher, was a strong common sense, or soundness of mind, which readily saw through the foolish fictions of the Greek poets, and dissolved the gorgeous shadows of the popular religion. It was the same intellectual attribute, possessed in a similar degree, by which Wesley discovered the difference between the forms of Christian worship, and the faith that should inspire and fill them.

There is no great scope for originality in religion. Revelation, the source of all our notions respecting the reason or the rights of worship, has been completed. Nothing, in any way, can now be rightfully added to the Christian system, except the mode of addressing it to the people. This, therefore, is the only field left open for human ingenuity and invention; and here, if I mistake not, John Wesley has exhibited superior genius. His plan of propagating Christianity, though based substantially on the practice of the apostles, was with him quite original; and while it lacks the daily guidance of inspiration, yet, from the great change of circumstances between the apostolic and the Wesleyan eras, it is enabled even to excel its model in regularity and precision.

An original mind is not always independent. We are told that Homer, whose powers of invention were never surpassed by any man's, had become so enamored of the muse of Orpheus, that he could scarcely touch his own harp-strings, without echoing the strains of the magic Thracian. Schlegel, the German critic, advises all dramatic writers, who wish to assert their own genius, not to read too often the plays of Shakspeare, as they would thereby run the risk of falling into his vein and manner. But here is Wesley, a man not afraid to read any thing

ever written, or to study constantly the works of other ages, guarded, as he was, by an independence that never left him. It was, also, a most wonderful trait in Wesley, that he could alter every thing, just so far as truth demanded, without feeling the smallest impulse or temptation to transgress this limit.

Many persons, like Cicero and Cæsar among the ancients, and Goethe, Milton, and Erasmus in later ages, have received praise for the great breadth of their mental vision. There is, certainly, a vast difference between man and man in this particular. One, like a Bentley or a Porson, is a linguist merely. Another, like La Place or Mozart, sums up his destiny in music, or in mathematics. Here is a man, who, like Patrick Henry, seems born only to be a speaker. There are Pope and Addison, on the other hand, who, at the head of a mighty train of men, represent those whose only theatre of ambition is the space their pens can clear for them. Thus, in all ages, individuals have been generally characterized by a single ruling faculty. Few, very few, have, with Wesley, possessed the attributes of the poet, the writer, the scholar, the philosopher, and the reformer.

The vivacity and vigor of Mr. Wesley, which are kindred qualities, gave him his peculiar buoyancy and ardor. His intellect was always full of life and action. He was ever, even in the midst of his greatest labor, laying out still more extensive plans for future execution. His mighty enterprise was no frost-work creation, which, shooting up in darkness, melts at the first ray of morning. It was a vast frame of iron, resting on a base of granite, to be completed by a vigor almost superhuman. The heir of Philip, born to power, lost a portion of his energy at every one of his successes, till he fell a victim to his own accumulating vices. The son of the old priest at Epworth, on the other hand, gained strength from each of his advances, and felt his mightiest impulses on the day of his departure. Wesley was a much greater man than Alexander. In all respects, he filled up the measure of true intellectual greatness.

But there is another style of greatness, founded on volition, or energy of the will, which shows itself in an indomitable strength of purpose. This strength of purpose, unlike that of mental vigor, of which I have just been speaking, is not spontaneously exerted on all occasions, but manifests itself only under the pressure of opposition. It is commonly found in men of quiet and even temper. Based, as it always is, on the habit of patient and deep reflection, it is rather slow in motion, but invincible when excited. The man of noise and bluster is not the man of courage and perseverance. Wesley, as it has been said of him by Dr. Johnson, though he kept every thing stirring around him, was himself calm and passionless. A small man in stature, with a mild and merry face, light step and gentle mien,

you would not expect to see him move the world, or beat off half a continent of opposition, by an energy too strong to tire, too resistless to be overcome.

I have read the histories of many men, who have been celebrated for this species of greatness founded on the will; but I have not yet found a man, in such course of reading, who, in this respect, excelled the individual of whom I write. In order to a full conception of his character, in this particular, it is necessary to make suitable allowance for the peculiarity of his circumstances.

When Luther began his career, he was at once hailed by a large number of the better class of men. Not only religious persons, wearied by the oppressive wickedness of Rome, followed him with their blessings and their prayers, but the philosophers and literati of Europe, from the Tiber to the Thames, strewed flowers in the path of him, who, from the bosom of the Church, had risen up to break their chains. The policy of his country, also, was on his side. The princes of Germany, in iron bondage to the Pope, were glad to cheer on a deliverer, who seemed ready to wrest the sceptre from his hand. Luther, in fact, did not create his age; his age created him.

There was Cranmer, also, whom some English historians have lauded to the skies. Nor is he unmeriting of praise. He began, and for a long time carried on, the reformation in his native land. The Church of England is the gilded monument of his renown. But the career of Cranmer was supported by Henry VIII to his heart's content. In the very height of his glory, he was less the author of a movement, than the fortunate and successful protégé and agent of a king.

But look, now, at Wesley. He found no Stau-pitz, and Erasmus, and Melancthon, ready to his hand. No powerful elector, or mighty lord, rose up to defend his cause. The philosophers and literary men of his day needed no deliverer. What they wanted was religion. Nor was there any political party, spread into every borough and by-place of his native country, waiting to avail itself of his opinions. All these influences, indeed, were against him. King and country, lords and commons, the great, the wealthy, and the high, conspired to break him down. Statesmen, orators, poets, wits—all classes of high society, from the commoner to the crown, hunted him with a medley of ridicule and hatred peculiarly their own. Nothing but the sterling good sense of the lower classes, in whose unperverted veins ran the pure old Saxon blood, was left him. All the orders, titles, ranks, badges, powers, and places, in both Church and state, were upon him. But did John Wesley yield his conscience to them? Let his eternal monument, Methodism, reared by his single but Heaven-blessed energy, reply. There was a power of resolution, a strength of will, in that great man, which all England could not, for it did

not, subdue. Nor have we on record in ancient or in modern history, a better example of this species of human greatness. He endured opposition with marked submissiveness; he set himself against it with a determined but patient energy; and he has at last, through himself and the agencies he set at work, conquered a peace with the wide world.

But, after all that can be said of him, as an intellectual and energetic man, I am much inclined to think, that he possessed a third order of greatness decidedly superior to the other two. I refer to that kind of greatness growing out of the peculiar qualities of the heart. It may be called moral greatness, as it is derived from the moral sensibilities of the soul. In this respect, John Wesley was one of the greatest of men among the living or the dead.

1. If you will look at Wesley as a private individual, without reference to his connections with the world, you will see in him a combination of personal virtues, which, in spite of every thing, will rivet on him your regard.

Long before the break of dawn, while all the world is lost in sleep, his taper is seen flickering through the gloom. The industrious student is at his books. When the drowsy common herd of men are roused, he, with a day's work well begun, is ready for his morning's walk. This over, he takes up his pen, and reads, and thinks, and writes. Toward evening, when nature demands relief, he unbends his mind, not by what the world calls amusement, but by works of charity, such as visiting the sick and distributing to the poor. After this season of relaxation, he turns to his books again, and drowns himself in profound researches, in deep reasonings, in serious reflections, to a late hour of night. Full of matter, of flitting images, of busy thoughts, he retires to rest. The darkness soon passes off, or is beginning to disappear, and then come forth, for another well-matched race, the morning and the man.

Now, reader, I contend, that there is something great and noble in such a life. It requires such self-denial, such a perfect burial of all the ordinary pleasures of the world, that no man of common moral power can keep it up for any great length of time. The vain, fitful, ambitious man may undertake it for a day; but he soon tires, and returns to the uncrucified, unabandoned, and tempting amenities of a world not fully left. But the hero of study is another man. He tramples on wealth and pride. He rejects all place and office as unworthy of his aim. He scorns the needless indulgences of vulgar life. He pities the men, who, at the expense of their minds, and of their moral state, for the sake of filthy lucre, crawl and grovel in the dust. With a brave heart, and a noble purpose, he resolves to mark his career, not by the post he holds, nor by the heaps of idle treasure he can count, but by what he knows. Surveying the wide world, and gathering alike from the present and the past, he stores up the

thoughts of all previous ages, and stands forth as a noble mental representative of the race. If there is no dignity, no sublimity, no true greatness in such a life, I know not where these lofty qualities can be found.

2. But all this may be done, my reader interposes, with low, personal, selfish ends in view. This hard student may be only gratifying a taste, given him by nature, for the possession or indulgence of which he deserves no praise. He may be the slave of ambition burying himself alive for fame. It may be, that the lucre he affects to scorn, and the pleasures he seems to crucify, are the very ends at which, with a long and self-denying foresight, he aims. True, my reader, very true. The grandeur of a studious, hard-working, intellectual life can be as readily counterfeited as other things.

But the man I write of was not such a man. This can be asserted with confidence. The cheat, in every example like the one supposed, at length appears. The close of life, if not the middle stages of it, is sure to bring it out. If disappointment hangs, like a cloud, over those latter years, the struggle is given up, or the ardor of soul abates, and the long-worn disguise is laid aside. If success crowns the effort, the deception shows itself in a sudden change of life, in the gay forms of society all at once assumed, in rich apparel, luxurious living, and costly pleasures followed with a zest.

But Wesley, I maintain, was entirely another man. Though blessed, undoubtedly, with a powerful love of reading, and of the literary life, no illiterate man was ever more ready to throw aside a book, than the illustrious student and author, when a fellow-being could be instructed, or a poor outcast could be relieved. His course of life, also, was rigidly kept up to the very close. After he had endured the storms of eighty winters, like our venerable John Quincy Adams, he was never seen in bed past four o'clock. To the very end, he continued to read and write, while traveling on the road. The fame, for which he might be accused of laboring so hard, beyond the mere notoriety of his name, and the respect and love of his little band, was made up of the curses and reproaches of the so-called better part of men. And if, as it may be said, he foresaw the reversal of this hasty judgment, and the sober reckoning of coming years, besides adding greatly to his intellectual character, it furnishes only a new proof of one of the noblest elements of mind. It shows him possessed of a patience, which, like that of his Lord and Master, could endure meekly present insult, trusting his cause to the decision of another and a better age.

Many anecdotes, illustrative of his unselfishness, are told. Some of them are more remarkable than can be found in reference to any other man of modern times. His whole life, in fact, was a system of disinterestedness, which finds its parallels only in the apostolic days. It is said, for example, by one of

his biographers, that "when he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two and thirty. The third year, he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year, he received one hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. In this ratio, he proceeded during the rest of his life; and, in the course of fifty years, it has been supposed, he gave away between twenty and thirty thousand pounds." There is something so extraordinary, so vast, so profound, in this settled and systematic disinterestedness, and that of a man repaid by almost insufferable abuses and reproach, that it borders hard on the moral sublime. Indeed, upon second thought, I affirm, that if such a life be not sublime, then sublimity is not within the reach of man.

3. But disinterestedness, it is said, is merely a negative virtue, which a very weak and worthless man might show. The most craven spirit will sometimes, from his sense of weakness, be betrayed or awed into a magnanimity of conduct apparently sincere. Wesley, it will be added, trembled at reproach, and lived and labored to save his reputation from the public lash. Wonderful remark! But what lash first roused him to this work? What impelled him to overpass so infinitely the standard of benevolence popular in his day? Why, if he were a feeble, common man, did he not pursue his path in the common style, settle down in some rich living, and hide his cowardly head from the dreaded missiles of the world?

No, no, my reader, such an estimate of John Wesley will not stand the test. He was evidently a bold and a hearty man. He never quailed, or trembled, or halted in his life. Cæsar himself was not more brave. When the battle raged the hardest, he was most himself. His bravery, however, was not the bravery of a warrior—it was not the blinding, obliterating force of hate; it was the far-seeing but self-annihilating energy of love. It was not that passion, which, for a reckless moment, the meanest coward can put on, in the field of blood; it was a living courage—a life-long principle of benevolence, which neither friends nor enemies could soften or overcome.

If it is said, that it is the activity of a man's benevolence, by which its genuineness is proved, who, since the world was made, ever gave more ample proof? Here, again, his character approaches the sublime. In the course of sixty-five years, he traveled not less than two hundred and seventy thousand miles, preached more than twenty-five thousand sermons, wrote and published about one hundred and fifty duodecimo volumes, established, visited, instructed, defended, and encouraged nearly eighty thousand followers, and was the father of over five hundred ministers, whose future lives manifested, by the indelible uniformity of character stamped on them, the wonderful power and activity of

his mind. Such was the benevolence of this great man!

4. But the last hour of every man must come, though few possess that species of moral greatness, which creates in them a desire to be useful while their bodies are slumbering in their tombs. Most men live with no wish to be useful to any but themselves. A small class, breaking these bands of utter selfishness, cherish better principles, but generally satisfy their ambition by being serviceable while they live. It takes a great mind, a very great mind, not only to think of extending his influence beyond his grave, but to spend his days in laying the foundation of a plan, which, when he is far beyond the world's smiles and frowns, and even after his account is settled with his God, shall for ever repeat the pulsations of his living heart, and bear the warm gush of his love to generations then unborn. But John Wesley was exactly such a man.

It was the distinctive characteristic of Wesley's system, including every thing about it, that it as clearly represented his ideas, as his ideas represented him. First, he wrote down his views with a clearness which no dullness could misunderstand. These opinions were then organized, if I may so say, by being put into the custody of a system, so constructed as would certainly repeat and propagate them without end. With no egotistic motives, but with a humble and holy wish to add perpetuity to the gift divinely imparted to his soul, he contrived an ecclesiastical instrument, which, like the mintman's die, should for ever cut copies of himself. Spurious metals, it is true, have sometimes received the stroke; but the impression, on whatever substance given, has ever been the same.

It was the praise of an old classic writer, that, in all his readers, who perused with any diligence what he wrote, he always multiplied himself. Such were the perspicuity and vigor of his style, that no one could read him without imbibing his opinions, and becoming a defender of his cause. Perhaps, so far as mere rhetoric is concerned, I cannot speak of Wesley in equal terms of praise. His books, written for the great mass of men, though correct in style, and in argument powerful and plain, have, nevertheless, been perused by some doubting minds. They are, still, the very best and most successful written expositions of his cause. But Wesley's rhetoric is not to be sought after in his books; it must be looked for in his plans. His system is full of eloquence. It has convinced and persuaded more persons, and made more lasting impressions, than all the orators of earth. Its impressions were first on a few individuals in low life. Next on multitudes of men. Last of all, on large empires, and on an age. Now, the very world feels the power of that one man.

But I must close. There, reader, is the man himself, surrounded by his weeping friends. Thousands will see this print, who cannot look on it without a tear.

THE PAST YEAR.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

WHAT countless changes have come over our world during the year 1847! They, whose reading has kept pace with passing events, have noted some new discoveries in the arts and sciences, and very extensive progress in public improvements. What is of still greater moment to the friends of humanity, the cause of benevolent enterprise, in its various departments, has been onward. Education has advanced on a large scale; the temperance cause has gained new friends; Sabbath schools have been multiplied; associations for the better observance of the holy Sabbath have been formed; temples of religious worship have been erected; new missions have been instituted, both foreign and domestic; the Bible has obtained a more extensive circulation, and the Churches, if not increased in numbers, have gathered moral strength for future action. News-mongers have extended the catalogue of new cities, new colonies, new lines of travel by sea and land, as well as that of shipwrecks, railroad accidents, steamboat collisions and explosions.

In the meantime, millions of human beings have been ushered into existence, and have commenced the perilous voyage of life. Myriads after myriads, during the same period, have passed the gulf stream of death, and entered upon scenes untried by us, in the state of endless duration. The usual amount of mortality has been vastly augmented by famine in the old world, and by war and pestilence in the new. Very many, by these means, have been bereft of their dearest friends, and left to buffet the waves of adversity, and breast the storms of life alone. The penniless poor, driven out from their wretched abodes by hunger, have become homeless and friendless wanderers, till they perished in the ditch, or expired by the highway. If proof be demanded, listen to the groans of thirty thousand Irish sinking in death under the griping pains of hunger. And had it not been for humane America, thousands more would have shared the same fate. While whole districts have been thinned out in foreign lands by famine, some of our American cities have been severely scourged by ship fever in the north, and by yellow fever in the south. These fearful visitations have swept over large communities, leaving sad desolation in their train. The venerable sire, the aged matron, the sprightly youth, the man of business, the fond mother, and the playful child, have gone down to the grave together. In regard to such cases, however, believers in an all-wise, and overruling Providence, may furnish themselves with sufficient reasons for adopting the pious sentiment of patient Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

But the heart swells with anguish, and the blood chills with horror, over the fate of those who, having voluntarily gone to invade a neighboring nation, have themselves perished in the campaign. Many, while enduring the fatigues of a soldier's life, and exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun, became the victims of disease and death. Thousands more, while wielding the fearful weapons of destruction upon the enemy, felt the pointed shafts of death falling thick and fast upon their own heads and hearts. Terrible, indeed, have been the conflicts, and awful the results to both of the belligerent parties. While dispatches of victorious battles, conquered legions, and captured cities, are borne with lightning speed, and hailed by rejoicing multitudes, and responded to by heavy salutes and splendid illuminations, let it not be forgotten, that the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, are piercing the mournful heavens, rendered still more gloomy by clouds of smoke and vapor of blood; nay, let it be remembered, that thousands of deathless spirits are prematurely hurried into the presence of God, it may be, unprepared to meet him. Who shall comfort the sorrowful parents deprived of a brave son, perhaps the only hope of their declining years? What consolation remains for the broken-hearted sister, whose only brother has fallen in deadly strife? Or for the widow and orphans, whose husband and father has expired in his gore on the field of battle? And, above all, who shall bear the awful responsibility, in the day of judgment, of sending regiments of souls from scenes of angry conflict and mutual slaughter, to their final reckoning? What will laurels of victory and monuments of fame be worth amidst the fires of the last day? "The thunder of the captains, and the shouting," will then be drowned by the appalling crash of a dissolving world, and the startling note of the last trumpet, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment," a summons which all must obey. In that day of final retribution, all wrongs will be redressed. Trodden-down virtue will then be exalted, while every act of tyranny, oppression, and cruelty, will be revenged by "the Judge of all the earth."

When shall we learn to sing and practice the song which angels came from heaven to teach us, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men?" Surely, while the most civilized and evangelized nations of the world are still waging wars of foreign invasion, it becomes Christians to pray for the fulfillment of Isaiah's prediction: "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Joyful, indeed, will be the day, when the peaceful kingdom of Jesus shall be extended over all nations, and the shout shall ascend from every mountain and

every vale, "Halleluiah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

How forcibly do the events of the past year remind us, that "here have we no continuing city!" Such scenes as have transpired in 1847, may be realized in 1848. Multitudes of our race, now employed in the busy scenes of active life, will have passed away to the spirit land before the next new year dawns upon our world. The aged, the middle-aged, and the young, should learn lessons of wisdom from a review of the past, and, through faith in the great Redeemer, prepare to live for ever.

THE WELSH ORATOR.

BY REV. J. DIXON.

In the year 1845, making a tour through various parts of Ohio, I visited Newark, and, inquiring for the Methodist minister stationed there, was informed that he was performing services at the church. When I arrived at the house of worship, he was just concluding a funeral discourse on the death of an aged female. Much solemnity pervaded the assembly. After the funeral obsequies were performed, having relations living near the town, I proceeded to visit them.

On my way I met a large funeral procession, among whom were some of my relatives. Returning with the procession, on inquiry concerning the deceased, I learned that he was a very aged and respectable citizen, who had, many years ago, emigrated from Wales, forming the nucleus of a large Welsh settlement in Ohio. He was the venerated patriarch of the neighborhood in which he resided.

When arrived at the place where the funeral services were to be performed, I saw two clergymen in the pulpit, of very respectable appearance, the younger of whom soon arose, and, with much solemnity, read, in Welsh, a chapter selected from the Bible; and then, in the same language, read a hymn, which was sung to a tune new to me, and solemnly impressive. This was followed by a prayer, which seemed humble, devout, and pathetic. I was all attention; for I had heard and read much about Welsh pulpit oratory. Christmas Evans was vividly before my imagination, painting the tragic scenes of Calvary with burning and soul-subduing eloquence. Not understanding the language of the speakers, I was minutely attentive to tone, gesture, and the impression made on the audience.

After the young minister had concluded his part of the service, the elder one, with a countenance in which dignity, reverence, and intellect were conspicuously displayed, arose, and read the following text from Isaiah lvii, 1, 2: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is

taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." The text was first read in Welsh, and then repeated in English. The commencement seemed to indicate the accomplishments of the orator, and to correspond, as far as tone and action were concerned, with the best models of eloquence. Of course the language and sentiment I was not able to criticise.

Calm and dispassionate for some time, he gradually arose in intonation of voice, his gestures became more impassioned, his enunciation more rapid and energetic; and soon all the powers of voice, action, and intellect, were eloquently blended in the development of the subject. Wrought up to the highest intensity of feeling, I looked around on the assembly. Tears were profusely flowing; and the soul, unable, in silence, to bear the weight of its sorrows, disburdened itself in audible bursts of enthusiasm. The sympathy was communicated to me. I "wept with those that wept." "O," thought I, "if I could but understand *your* language, then would we rush into each other's arms, and *tell* the gushing sorrows of our hearts!" Immediately my subdued spirit said, "It matters not; this scene needs not the artificial signs of language; it needs only the language of nature, that universal language of suffering humanity which is heard and felt in every part of the earth." I had heard many distinguished pulpit orators, among whom may be named Bigelow and Christie; but, in my opinion, judging from what I *saw* and *felt*, the Welsh preacher would not suffer in comparison with the most gifted of eloquent ministers.

There is said to be something unique, and conspicuously majestic, in the native eloquence of the Welsh orator. The boldness and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Wales, may have contributed, in some degree, to the originality and grandeur of his elocution. Our intellectuality is, no doubt, greatly modified by the phenomena of physical nature with which we are surrounded.

CLASSIC FOUNTAINS.

It may be supposed, by those not acquainted with history, that *jet d' eaux*, or water fountains, are of recent invention. This is not true. They were more common in ancient than in modern times. The Romans had a passion for baths. The Greeks were equally fond of natural and artificial fountains. There was one in nearly every town in Greece. The whole land, in the days of its glory, was spouting its ten thousand jets of crystal water, giving life and animation to all the inhabitants. The fountains of Megara, Corinth, and Messina, were the most magnificent in their decorations. In the sacred grove of Æsculapius, at Epidermus, there was one of great elegance of construction.

SKETCHES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

MR. EDITOR,—My excellent friend, — — —, Esq., died some ten months since, leaving voluminous literary fragments, which have come into my hands. His life, as he remarks toward the end of the following sketch, had been successful and happy. His latter years were spent in opulent retirement, amidst the charms of a fine country-seat. An early love of letters cheered his leisure. A part of his time was spent in recording the reminiscences of his history, and in working them into sketches and tales—some humorous, some sad. The following was the last from his pen. It is not so much a tale, with plot and denouement, as a series of pictures, drawn from real life. If some of your graver readers should not fully approve it, they will, at least, admit its humor to be healthful, its delineations true to New England life, and its moral, especially in the ghost incidents, good. Perhaps the most effectual means of dispelling from the minds of the young the latter delusions, is to identify them with ludicrous associations. But here is the sketch. A. S.

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

I had been in New England but six weeks, was lonely and sad with the few facilities which a college residence affords for social life, and, as usual under similar circumstances, was rapidly becoming expert in forming spleeny opinions of the surrounding community, and of all Yankeedom in general, when Jonathan Bearsley, my room-mate, invited me to accompany him home to spend the approaching "Thanksgiving." There must not be associated with my friend Jonathan's name the usual ideas of long, lank limbs, lean face, shrewd eye, and nasal twang. Jonathan had none of these, though a genuine Yankee. He was a hearty, stalwart youth, with quick faculties, a manly self-reliance, a healthy hopefulness of life, an unstinted frivolity, and a truly good heart, though the latter was unaddicted to sentimental paroxysms, for the very good reason, that he had, as he affirmed, jogged along, thus far in life, without any very dignified reasons for romantic whimperings. Such a character, in fine, had Jonathan, as would induce you to predict, without hesitancy, that he would make a good and successful citizen any where—would provide well for his family, work diligently as a mechanic, manage safely as a merchant, bear himself respectably as a professional man, or fight coolly as a patriot soldier, should his duty so require. Such was my "chum," and such, I have since found, is the true type of "brother Jonathan" generally.

He entertained for me a strong affinity; why, I cannot conceive, unless on the principle which renders opposite electrical poles mutually attractive. "Let us be off on Wednesday, in the stage," said

he; "we shall reach home by night, and have a capital appetite, the next day, for the roast turkey and mince pies." I looked lugubriously; for it seemed cold enough to snap one's nose off, should he put his head out the college window, and the Bearsley homestead was nearly seventy miles distant. "You shall not say no," continued Jonathan; "you've had the hypo ever since you came here: a day's ride, in the snow, will freeze it out of you, and a good Thanksgiving dinner will fortify your hypochondrium for all the rest of the term."

Wrapped in overcoats, and muffled to the eyes, we found ourselves, at the very peep of Wednesday morning, seated in the stage coach, with runners instead of wheels. The whip cracked, and away we went, with jingling bells, over roads that were ridged on either side, for at least forty miles of the distance, with banks of snow, the tops of which were often on a level with the carriage windows, and sometimes reached the height of the vehicle. Nine long hours were spent on the route. During the whole forenoon, the passengers sat grim and silent as so many Egyptian mummies. Scarcely any incidents varied the cold monotony of this part of the passage. Now and then our burly driver tried to stamp the cold out of his feet, or beguile his thoughts from it by a half-grunted snatch of song. Occasionally, too, the plunge of our horses through a drift startled us a moment, or the swift passage of a sleigh, with its merry bells, induced one of the company to peep through the tightly-drawn coach hangings, only, however, to relapse again suddenly into his former staid posture, with an utterance somewhere between an exclamation and a groan, but which seemed to freeze away before half expressed. I drew my cap over my eyes, and resigned myself to a drowsy listlessness.

At last that very important event in the stage traveler's daily history, the dinner, was at hand. We drove with increased speed, as if a momentary glee had taken possession of man and beast, into a small, prim village, wheeled bravely around a tall sign-post, and halted, with a peremptory air of decision, before the inn door. Scarcely had we leaped out, and commenced stretching our benumbed limbs, than the dinner bell rang. A momentary rush, and all were at the table. Seven minutes had not passed, and our frozen fingers were but beginning to show respectful subservience to our mouths, when a boisterous shout of, "Stage ready!" startled us. A murmur of indignation passed along the table, and no one moved. Two minutes afterward, the same stentorian voice again shouted, "Stage going! can wait no longer! horses are freezing! going!" Every man leaped to his feet; one seized a piece of pie, another a rusk, another a cracker; a "*saute qui peut*" scene ensued, and in three minutes more we were out of the village, flying, with our fresh horses, like an arrow over the highway.

Thanks to something—either the resentment of our appetites, or some plentiful draughts of flavourous tea, which we had made sure of, or the ever-increasing consolation that the last half of our journey was momentarily diminishing—a change came over our mood at last—our spirits were up. A few grave references to the economical policy of the landlord, led to other remarks, and in a short time every tongue was going. A new passenger had joined us at the inn, a good-natured, bustling sort of character, who, though of quite corpulent capacity, was brim-full of kind humor, and was obstinately determined that not a moment should be lost. Nature seemed to share our improved temper: the shrill winds of the morning lulled away—the sun shone dazzlingly. One of the company, who had been, all the morning, as dogged as a snapping-turtle, in its shell, proposed, with a look of outright complacency, that the curtains should be rolled up, and up they went, every man assisting. Ever and anon some fine specimen of winter scenery glided by us; our driver appeared inspired; his whip went incessantly; his voice, cracked by the bleak drives of nearly thirty winters, rung on the clear air, and away we skimmed over the silvery surface, now through a romantic ravine, and then over the outspread plain—now, with scarcely retarded speed, up the steep hillside, and anon, with dashing momentum, down it—now through the dark pine grove, with its subdued and mournful murmur, and then through neat little villages, with their white-painted dwellings, their church spires, and colonnades of noble elms, incrustated with ice as with crystal.

As the day advanced, the sleighs on the roads multiplied. Toward evening, they were passing and repassing us incessantly. "All creation seems let loose," exclaimed our corpulent companion. "What means it?" said I to my friend; "is this a holyday in these barren regions?" "Not at all," was the reply; "they are but following our example. It is common in New England for the separated branches of a family to meet on Thanksgiving day at the table of the old folks. These are younger families going to the old homesteads. They are hastening, that they may get there to-night, and make a full day of it to-morrow."

Evening was approaching. The oblique rays of the sun glanced and sparkled on the incrustated branches of the forests, and the long icicles which hung thickly from the village eaves. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, went the merry bells of sleighs, flying over the road more numerous than ever. All the highways seemed alive with them. Some were slight, fancy models, with but two riders, perchance an ambitious young yeoman and his chubby sweetheart, whose bright eyes peeped at us from the folds of blankets and buffalo skins; but most of them were large, rustic vehicles, crowded with family groups, the older members on the seats, the ruddy bairns stuck into corners and among the knees.

Some were hung about on the outside with young porkers, turkeys, geese, and hams—contributions to the next day's dinner; others with superfluous passengers, who could not find room within. The fine sleighing, the brilliant and bracing atmosphere, and, above all, the joyous anticipations of the morrow, gladdened all hearts—it seemed a gala day. Some of the domestic groups were singing as they sped their way; others, especially the youngsters, shouted to us for joy, till the forests rung again. Now, as they came abreast of us, or of each other, a momentary race ensued, and anon loud laughter announced a harmless overthrow into the snow bank.

Exhilarated by these excitements, we reached, at last, the end of our journey—a spruce little village, ensconced snugly at the foot of a mountain, and marked throughout with that Yankeeish aspect of equality and comfortable competence, which is found equaled nowhere out of New England. The houses were all painted white. They had garden spaces in front, and were mostly ranged along the principal street, which was wide, and lined on either side and in the middle by lofty elms—the pride of the New England forest. On an ample and inclosed common stood the village church and school-house. No marks of dilapidation could be seen any where: every house, barn, shed, fence, wore an air of completeness and finish—a statement which applies equally to nearly every village we had passed during our journey of seventy miles.

But, amidst this exactitude of taste, and the frugality which renders it possible, and the moral preciseness which produces it, is there not a correspondent vigor—a monotonous and cheerless precision of social life? So say some of the books—so thought I, hitherto; but I began, this day, to alter my opinions of New England, and have been improving them ever since. Let us now look at a Yankee "interior."

We dismounted before a spacious and most comfortable-looking dwelling. Its front yard was adorned by evergreens, whose dark verdure contrasted beautifully in the twilight with the snow that covered all things around them, and laid in small patches upon their branches. A gigantic drooping elm rose on one side of the portico, and spread its ample branches over half the building. A bright fire shone upon the windows of one of the front parlors. As we approached, a sweet voice screamed with delight, the door flew open, and in a moment a fair form, tremulous and weeping with joy, hung upon the neck of my friend. Don't hesitate, scrupulous reader, it was only his sister Jenny. They had been, for the first time in their lives, separated several months: excuse the sweet weakness. The clamorous joy of Jenny brought the rest of the family in a rush. The father, Deacon Obadiah Bearsley, a grave, benign looking sexagenarian, came first, and grasped warmly both hands of his boy. His wife, a hale, thrifty,

domestic looking body, with a countenance of mingled benevolence and self-satisfaction, gave him a hearty hug, and a kiss on either cheek; and three or four guests, for the morrow, welcomed him. I passed through a formal introduction to each in succession. "Be at home with us, be at home," said the Deacon to me with peremptory good nature. "You must so," said his tidy wife, patting me on the shoulder as affectionately as if I were already her son-in-law. "We will do all we can to make you happy with us," said Jenny, whose small, but vigorous frame, bright, intelligent eye, and happy face, tinged by the mountain air, exemplified fully my *beau ideal* of rustic beauty. We were ushered into the sitting-room, where the crackling fire seemed to glow and snap the more to cheer our arrival. An antiquated sofa was drawn out in front of it. In a corner of the room stood a round table, covered with books, among which lay the weekly paper, well marked by use. Around the walls hung, in time-worn frames, four or five engravings, of state governors and solemn-looking pastors. A well-fed cat dozed at one end of the hearth, and welcomed us with half-opened eyes. A generous house dog, who, for past good demeanor, had long enjoyed the privilege of the room, walked about among us with an air of most complacent cordiality, wagging his tail, and snuffing the air as if he would have said, "We are most happily situated here, my friends: let us enjoy ourselves with good fellowship."

It was impossible, under such circumstances, not to feel at home; but if any of the usual reserve of a stranger still remained with me, it was soon removed by the good-natured frankness and quaint humor of the Deacon's brother-in-law, Jonathan Peabody, after whom my college-mate had been named. Jonathan Peabody was a genuine original—a tall, wiry figure, with a slight stoop, and features which I know not how to describe. They were expressive of a downrightly honest *morale*, but, at the same time, of an infinite humor, a shrewdness that, notwithstanding his evident rusticity, you would be sure could never be imposed on, a stout-hearted, though blunt courage, utter frankness, and unwavering kindness. He was a "very likely" farmer, and lived some ten miles distant on an estate, which, it was said, attested his industry and skill. He had the reputation of making as good bargains as he made jokes. He was a hot-headed patriot and an outright democrat. He stoutly opposed the connection of Church and state, which still continued in that part of New England, and contended, to the amazement of all the community, for untrammelled tolerance for all sects, except the Quakers, whom he disliked, because, as he said, they did not approve of our "licking the Britishers." Jonathan had, withal, a nasal twang, and was, in fine, one of those marked characters which the world has, quite erroneously, supposed to be the type of the "universal Yankee." Though we had never heard of

each other before, yet, in five minutes, we were like a couple of old cronies. He perceived that I relished his quaint peculiarities, and, happy to be appreciated, gave them full play during the evening.

Soon after our arrival, Jenny and her mother disappeared, to prepare our supper; for, not expecting us, the rest of the company had already supped. In due time we were summoned into a large kitchen, and seated at a table which was spread with a substantial meal. Every thing on it was marked by the nicety and neatness of Yankee housewifery; and the younger Jonathan and myself, attended by his pretty sister, paid an unmistakable practical comment to the occasion. In the spacious fire-place blazed an enormous fire, sustained by a back-log which must have tasked the full strength of the Deacon and Jonathan Peabody to place it in position. The bland illumination filled the entire apartment, superseding candles, and displaying to us the almost snow-whiteness of the floor, and making the scoured milk pans and the white crockery on the large "dresser," shine and gleam at such a rate, that the few stars which could be seen peeping through the adjacent window, might well hide their diminished heads. All this tidiness was the labor of the Deacon's wife and daughter; for though he was justly considered "well to do in the world," being valued at twenty thousand dollars, yet no "help" was ever allowed to enter the kitchen. The kitchen was, in fact, Mrs. Bearsley's sanctuary, and its burnished utensils were as sacred, in her eyes, as the golden vessels of Solomon's temple. If the good Deacon had introduced a new wife into the house, it could scarcely have shocked Mrs. Bearsley more than would the introduction of a servant-maid into the kitchen.

A happy evening did we spend that night around the fireside. The guests, led on by Jonathan Peabody, dealt out abundant opinions on politics, religion, business, and men. Many terrible tales of Indian hostilities (for which the region had been noted) were related; but whenever our ears were tingling, and our hair beginning to rise on end, Jonathan Peabody would turn the whole effect by his comical sallies, which were often thrown in among us like so many hissing squibs, startling us to our feet, till even the house dog barked at the glee, and the sleepy cat on the hearth opened her eyes, rose up, and arched her back with resistless though reluctant amazement.

Bedtime approached—a subdued tone prevailed. A small stand was stationed by Jenny before her father. Two candles, a large Bible, and a hymn-book, were placed upon its white cloth, and the venerable father of the household closed the social scene with family devotions. A chapter was read in the Bible, a hymn was sung to Old Hundred most sweetly, save that Jonathan Peabody (one of whose weaknesses was that he deemed himself to possess extraordinary skill in music) soared occasionally too

high above the rest of the company. A somewhat long and comprehensive prayer followed, and soon after the company retired, and silence pervaded the house.

But not so out of doors. When I ascended to my chamber, a large apartment, looking upon the road, there seemed to be an incessant race of sleighs without. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, went the bells, thrice as merrily as on our route during the afternoon. Innumerable happy groups were flying to beloved homesteads, like that in which I had just witnessed such simple but genuine felicity. I had buried myself under a most comfortable mass of blankets, and was dozingly repeating Sancho Panza's grateful exclamation, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" when the whole street seemed suddenly in a racket. The jocund bells rang as if a half dozen sleighs had plunged into each other. I leaped from the bed, threw up the window, and thrust out my head. No less than four of the largest class of those vehicles, crowded, had arrived at a neighboring house. Lights were flashing out of the open doors and windows—there was a tumult of kisses, and of young and old male and female voices, screaming with delight. The younger members of the party (who were a large majority) set up three lusty cheers. Unconscious what I was about, I snatched from my head my nightcap, and waving it in the air, huzzaed with them. "Bless us!" said I, in a sort of apology to myself, as I hastily pulled down the window and jumped into bed, "bless us, this is a happy world, after all! What need we more to make it such than to love one another, and be thankful?" Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, still went the tinkling bells, until I fell asleep, and then glad and fantastic dreams prolonged the sweet music in my brain during the rest of the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER FIRST-BORN.

BY A. HILL.

THOU, my first-born! Ah, what a gush of feeling
Sweeps o'er the soul at such a time as this!
Strange thoughts, with each impassioned look, revealing
Fond visions of anticipated bliss.

Thou little trembler on the verge of being,
Unconscious of thine own existence here,
No dangers round life's pathway seeing,
No thought awakes thy infant soul to fear.

Thou tiny speck upon the hazy margin
Of life's young horizon, (to me how strange!)
Yet like a bird's thy spirit-wings, enlarging,
Shall sweep through endless cycles in their range.

How like a star, that decks the brow of heaven,
With faintest ray, through yonder depths of blue!

How like a tint upon the sky of even,
That gilds the west with ever-changing hue.

How like a gem, amid life's rubbish gleaming!
How like a light upon some lonely sea!
How like the rill adown the mountain streaming!
How like a gleam of sunshine unto me!

How like a bird, with unfledg'd pinions sleeping,
Or rose-bud, nodding on its parent stem!
How like to music o'er the senses creeping!
And yet, again, how unlike all of them!

Would that the arms that tenderly enfold thee,
Could always shield thee from the ills of life!
Would that from vice they evermore might hold thee,
And give thee strength to win in every strife!

Spirit of mercy, on my babe descending,
Shed thy soft radiance o'er its pathway here;
Gently through life, and at its close attending,
O make its transit peaceful, calm, and clear!

THE RETURN OF THE BEES.

BY MISS MARION A. PURMORT.

FROM various fields they come—
From the wild-wood blossoms, and berries there,
And from all that is bright, and sweet, and fair,
They have gathered their spoils with skillful care,
And now are bearing them home.

O, busy, industrious bee!
I have watched thy course in my leisure hour—
Thy untired flight from flower to flower,
And prayed for grace, and wisdom, and power,
T' improve life's summer, like thee.

O, teach me the lesson now
I have striven to learn so long in vain—
T' improve from life's evils, its ills, and pain,
As thou dost extract from the pois'nous bane
The sweets for thy winter's store.

Another lesson for me
Thou hast in thy patient, unwearied flight:
With thee there's no murmur; for all is right;
Thou passest in silence what yields no delight,
Just sipping the sweets in thy way.

Thus would I cheerfully move
In the path of duty assigned me here—
Providing a store for life's winter drear,
When my blossoming hopes shall disappear—
My visions of earthly love.

And thus would I seek my home,
Whenever the sun of my life shall decline,
With a wing as untired and steady as thine;
I'd seek it above in the kingdom divine,
Beyond the earth and the tomb.

THE MOUNT OF SACRIFICE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

I LOVE the mountains. Their hoary summits piercing the clouds, and crowned with eternal snow, the unbroken silence which ever surrounds them, and the pure atmosphere by which their lofty brows are fanned, invest them with a deep, solemn, religious interest. They stand aloof, as it were, from the earth, of which they form a part; they seem like the altars of the world, whose fires have been quenched—the smoke of whose sacrifices have ceased to ascend for ever. Their heads are lifted skyward in changeless serenity; the storm and the tempest burst and rage far beneath them; they are first encircled by morn's bright rays; and when, at eventide, their dark shadows lie along the plain, their tops are gilded with the splendor of the day-god's parting beams.

Mountains have long been the theme of the historian's pen and the poet's lyre. Atlas and Ida, Parnassus and Olympus, the haunts of gods, heroes, and muses, have long been familiar words. The Alps and the Appenines, Sovran Blanc and hoary Saint Bernard, have each their story, and are only inferior in interest to those whose names and legends are found in the sacred page.

Turn we, then, from the wooded heights of Ida and the delightful shades of Parnassus, to linger awhile near those holy mounts which have long been celebrated in sacred story.

And, first, Ararat rises on our view, memorable as the first mount mentioned in our world's history, the resting-place of the Deluge-ship, which long had sailed on a shoreless sea. Never was land so dear to the mariner, as its rugged peaks to the survivors of a world; and never did the smoke of a more joyful sacrifice ascend, than that which curled in graceful wreaths around its summit, when the family of the saved pressed eagerly round the first altar that rose on the purified earth.

It is a hallowed mountain. There, doubtless, the dove first folded her weary wing. It was the ark's first resting-place; and there the altar's smoke and the rainbow's hues first met the adoring and admiring gaze of the new world's inhabitants.

Grand and gloomy Sinai rises in the Arabian desert. Its rugged cliffs seem to pierce the clouds; and its solitary position fits it eminently for awful and solemn revealings. There the mighty One of Israel came down in terrible majesty, and gave a law to his people by the hand of his chosen servant—there he proclaimed his own wondrous name in the hearing of the assembled millions who thronged its base, and shook it to its very foundations by the majesty of his awful presence. Thunders pealed and lightnings played around its clouded summit; darkness enveloped it in a gloomy mantle; angels stood by to

witness the solemn act of Jehovah, when he was first made known to man as his wondrous lawgiver, and to hear the ten words of mighty import, which then broke from the lips of the high and lofty One. I would not, as the ancient leader of God's people, ascend its rugged steep—I would not stand in the awful place where Israel's mediator stood; but humbly would I kneel at its base, and let my spirit linger upon the solemn memories which are interwoven with its history.

Hor, Pisgah, and Carmel have each their story. While gazing on the first, we seem to stand by the first high priest, as he calmly awaits the call of death. With Moses, from Pisgah's top, we survey at once the desert, and look to the fair land beyond Jordan's wave, and feast our eyes on its living beauties. At Carmel's base we hear the frantic petitions of the false god's votaries, and, in the hush of evening, the few, yet solemn words of the true God's prophet, and see the hallowed flame descend to bring at once pallid terror and sacred joy.

Tabor tells of the descent of the shining ones, and the shadowing forth of the glories of the Christian's land; and we feel, in meditating over the sacred spot, that we could stand in rapt adoration; and did we break the silence, it would be but to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here!"

Olivet, too, hath many a sacred legend. Oft has the stillness of its seclusion been broken by the accents of the Savior's prayer. What lessons of divine wisdom have been taught under its shadowing palms! The feet of God's well-beloved have hallowed it by their impress. There it was that the risen Savior bade his disciples repair, to take their last look at their Master, and hear his parting words. There, too, he was parted from them, and borne by an angel escort to his Father's throne; and there the eye of faith is directed as the place where he shall in like manner descend.

And yet, though it be sweet to wander among the vines of Carmel, or linger amid the palms of Olivet, there remains another mount, whose memories are dearer and sweeter than all we have named beside. Three solemn scenes have been enacted upon its heights—three altars have there been reared, and three victims offered. It is the sacrificial mount; and though we stand afar, we will gaze on its wondrous scenes in tearful admiration.

A gray-haired patriarch, bending under the weight of years, and a blooming son, the child of his old age—the object of his tenderest affection, are toiling up its steep. The face of the sire is anxious and care-worn. Ever and anon his eye is cast heavenward imploringly, and a fervent though hasty prayer escapes his lips. The fire to kindle the sacred flame, and the knife to immolate the victim, are in his hand, while the son, with firmer step, bears on his shoulder the wood to consume the appointed sacrifice. A few loose stones, hastily heaped together, form the altar;

but neither lamb nor kid for the offering is yet seen. The wood is laid in order, and lo! the sorrowing sire binds the yielding son, and lays him, an unresisting victim, on the sacred pile. The knife gleams in the air; another moment, and it will be dimmed by the blood of that young and trusting heart; but that moment is the moment of safety. An angel's voice bids the hand of the father stay; and the son, as if alive from the dead, is pressed to his yearning heart. Another and less noble victim is provided; and soon the smoke of sacrifice ascends from the mountain where Abraham's altar stood.

But, lo! in after years, a gorgeous temple rises upon the self-same mount. Gold and gems are lavished profusely upon it; for it is the place of worship for a mighty people. A train of white-robed priests are there; and they are about to celebrate a solemn religious rite. And again the altar meets our view. There stand the worshipping assembly, and near the altar the victim and the priest. The fatal blow is given; the victim bleeds; the smoke of sacrifice ascends the sky; and the mount where Abraham worshiped has become a nation's altar.

Time sweeps on, and the glory of the first temple departs; the hand of the barbarian is laid upon it; its glory and beauty are marred; the stately edifice is given to the devouring flame; and all its ancient grandeur is prostrate in the dust. Again the mountain presents itself to our view. A confused multitude are near its base. They press hurriedly along, and the air is rent with their shouts. Is it some high festival which causes Jerusalem thus to pour forth its living tide?—to thus bring forth slave and senator, and cause the turbaned priest and the mail-clad soldier to meet in the same motley throng? No; the shouts are not those of mirth and glad rejoicing; but words of malediction and bitter hate burst from the lips of that infuriated throng. And the object of popular fury, where is he? Behold him, not a malefactor, bold and hardened in crime—his hands stained with the blood of his fellows, but a meek, uncomplaining Man of sorrows, who, bending under the weight of the Roman cross, seeks the place of his closing scene. Like wave urged on by wave, the crowd presses onward, until the fatal spot is reached. The meek Victim is rudely nailed to the prostrate wood; and soon the cross arises, the altar of the world. We saw the son of Abraham ascend this mountain, bearing on his shoulder the wood for his own sacrifice, and have just seen the Son of God fainting under the burden of his own cross. We saw the former bound upon the altar; but we now see the latter nailed to the accursed tree, groaning, agonizing, dying. We saw Isaac released, and an inferior victim substituted; but now we see the sacrifice that God has provided freely offered up for us all; and this mountain is thus rendered dear to all—the centre around which faith, and hope, and memory delight to linger. Sacred mount! known as

Moriah, the temple's site, and Calvary's Hill, thou art rich in holy associations—the altar of Abraham, the altar of Israel, and the altar of the world.

CLIFTY FALLS.

BY M. A. H.

SCENE—A WINTER NIGHT.

'Tis not of wild Passaic, tossing from
Its rugged heights in thunder down, nor yet
Of nature's deeper base, that northern harp,
Niagara, with its eternal roar—
Its wreaths of mist, fantastic curled—its gay,
Bright rainbow garlands—not of these I sing:
A humbler theme is mine—one that as yet
No name hath won in page historic, nor
In epic verse.

But why? Hath Nature here
Displayed no working of her artful hand?
Have these rude rocks, these frowning cliffs, this wild
And dizzy leap of waters downward, and
This long, deep, dark, mysterious gulf below
No *charm*, no magic spell to throw around
The heart and soul its unseen fetters, strong
As giant grasp? Is there naught *here* to call
Up memories of the far away—to bid
Imagination boldly up, and on
Her airy wanderings—to strike a spark
Of love forth from our being's hidden steel,
Then breathe upon that spark, till all the heart
Burn with devotion's purest, warmest flame?
O ye, who've stood beside proud Clifty in
Bright spring-time's tranquil hour—when o'er these
gray

Old trees that stand as sentinels along
These rocky battlements of Nature's rearing,
The spirit of the budding year had spread
Her mantling green, and deck'd each jetting rock
With gay wild flowers—ye of the love-lit eye
And gentle heart, was there no music in
Those falling waters—no enchantment in
Those curling vapor pyramids, that rose
Like clouds of incense to the gate of heav'n—
No beauty in that mazy rainbow dance?
The lip may not have moved in speech—the tongue
Have utter'd naught—for, O, the common words
Of wonder and surprise seem'd meaningless—
But far within the bosom's deep recess,
The soul, at once, was stirr'd, and dash'd, and toss'd
As wildly as the cataract itself;
And the warm language of the heart, though breathed
So silently, was heard in heav'n. And here,
At the calm twilight of a summer's day,
When the deep blush of rosy eve hung on
The west, in all its mantling gorgeousness,
And the bright gold-ting'd clouds were floating there,
Like banners from the gates of sunset, ay,

E'en here, as by a holy shrine, have knelt
They of the bounding breast and leaping soul,
To pour their tides of feeling forth in the
Strong gush of *silent* prayer. And as each heart
Gently unfolded, as the bursting rose,
The holy dews of heav'n have fallen upon
The fresh-blown leaves, and angel visitants,
As soft as evening zephyrs, stol'n away
Their rich, undying fragrantcy.

But now,
That Spring and Summer, with their flow'rs and
leaves,

Have pass'd, and rustling Autumn, too, with his
Deep, mellow tinge, is far away—now that
The death-like pall of stern old Winter rests
Upon the world, and those bright forms that once
So often came around thee, come no more,
I've thought thee sad and lonely, Clifty Falls.
And here, at midnight's deep and solemn hour,
And at the midnight of the year, I've come
To listen to thy pensive song, and hold
Sweet converse with thee, as with hoary sage.
And, O, while here I stand, as Infancy
At feet of Age, and gaze upon thy rocks
And cliffs, that rise as the dread barriers of
The ocean, hung with gay festoons of ice
And evergreens—emblems of purity
And life, even amid decay and death—
And watch those tall old trees, that bend o'er thy
Rude ramparts with their bright and snowy robes,
As angel forms around the death-couch, while
O'er all, bright Luna, with her vestal host,
Flings the rich radiance of her holy light,
I feel the hidden springs of feeling and
Of thought touch'd by an *unseen* Pow'r. This gulf,
These moss-grown ledges, O, how wondrous wild!
Here Fancy views some ancient castle, where
A haughty lord, in days of yore, held sway,
Now left the home of wand'ring ghosts, night hags,
And hooting owls. *There* it beholds the proud
Remains of an old city—broken shafts,
Crush'd arches, mold'ring columns, ruin'd heaps
Of palace domes, temples, and tow'rs of old.
Above, around, beneath, all, all is grand.
And as I kneel beside thee, Clifty Falls,
I seem as bow'd before some minstrel old,
That long has tuned his sacred lyre, ay, lived
To wake its melancholy strains around
The grave of his *last* friend. And now that age
Is on him, and Death's icy fingers at
His heart, he strives to brush once more that harp,
The loved companion of his youth, to chant
His own sad requiem. The spell of years
Is on *thee*, Clifty; and these hoary locks
But tell of circling centuries that crown
Thy brow. But when, O when vibrated first
These chords? Far back, when Earth as yet was in
Her infancy, and sister planets had
But touch'd their trembling harps—when angel choirs

Were still attuning their loud strains to keys
Of richest melody, at birth of the
New world, didst thou awaken then thy song
Responsive to their lays? To learn, I seek not.
The dark-eyed Indian maid, that years ago
Gather'd wild flowers from these rocks, and sung
Her evening song by thee, or offered up
Her simple prayer to the Great Spirit for
A lover far away—the brawny chief,
Bold forest hunter, when, at parching noon,
He watch'd the fleet deer steal into thy cool
Retreats, have ask'd thee this. But they have pass'd,
With all their burning thoughts, high hopes, their
loves,

And griefs. The sweeping winds and rains have long
Since wash'd their foot-prints from these sands.

Their notes

Have died upon the fickle air. And thus
With him that kneels beside thee now. A few
Brief years, and he with them shall rest, unwept—
Unknown. The gentle lay he tunes thee now,
Is dying on the frosty breath of night.
He cannot—*would* not write his name upon
That cliff. *Immortals* should write high'r. But hear
His latest notes, old gray-beard Falls. Bright spring
May break these icy chains that bind thee now—
Remove these hoary locks and this gray beard—
May bid the flowers bloom in beauty on
These craggy steeps, and clothe these leafless trees
Again, ay, make thee *dream* that thou art young
Once more. But trust it not. *Time's* heel is on
Thee, and thy doom is *sealed*. These rocky heights,
So strong, shall crumble down—the chords of this
Thy harp, that here for ages past has sung
Its song, be rent, and with discordant notes
Faintly they'll sound thy mournful requiem.
But he that trembles by thee *now*, shall live
To touch a lyre whose song shall yet be new
When thine is hush'd, and cold oblivion's waves
Have dash'd o'er thee—o'er earth, sun, moon, and
stars.

But fare-thee-well, thou gray-beard minstrel Fall!
I go, and may not see thee more; but on
The tablet of my heart thou art transcribed.
And oft, in coming years, when cares, or griefs,
Or duty's load would crush me to the earth,
Or dark and dire misfortune damp this flame
Of love and pure devotion thou hast lit
Within my bosom here, I'll turn to that
Bright image glowing there on mem'ry's page,
And wake again those holy sentiments
And feelings of the heart, in dreaming that
I kneel, once more, beside thee, gray-beard Fall.

I VENERATE the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause.—COWPER.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

How many and various are the reasons why we should become religious! How great the need of feeling every day that God is our friend!

Gentle reader, although now standing on the middle round of the ladder of life, I have passed through many a trying scene—through many a night, for which there seemed no morrow—through paths which appeared to be hedged up, while above my head the clouds lowered, and the tempest threatened to destroy; and had it not been for the “still, small voice” within—a voice that whispered, “Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but God delivereth him out of them all;” and, “In the time of trouble shall he hide thee in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide thee,” I should have bowed my head to the storm, and yielded my soul to the destroyer.

I have stood by in the hour of sorrow, and looked on those whose hearts were wrung with anguish—who mourned as those mourn “who have no hope,” and I pitied them with the soul’s most deep and earnest pity, that they had not found a refuge in the pavilion of the Most High—that they had not hidden them until the storm had passed by.

And, as I write, one scene comes up from the chambers of memory, more vividly than the rest—a scene never to be forgotten until the lamp of memory shall have been extinguished for ever.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in spring. May, the crowning beauty of the season, had scattered her riches with a lavish hand. On every tree and shrub she had left some lovely coronal of soft and dreamy green, or bright-hued buds, that gave rich promise of a world of beauty. The little valley in which we lived, was as quiet as a summer’s dream. No sound came to disturb its tranquility, save the cheerful whistle of the red-bird, or the varied song of the mock-bird, as she sang, in calm content, her sweet and thrilling orison. Before our door there ran a stream, usually quiet and gentle, but then overflowing its banks, and rushing furiously onward in its course, as if impatient to reach its destined goal. A short distance below the house, this swollen body of water precipitated itself over a dam, and then sped forward with redoubled fury, sweeping every thing within its reach down with the mighty current—tearing the gentle flowers from the banks on which they had grown so long—stealing under the roots of the old forest trees, and washing away their native earth, until they toppled over, and were borne away to perish in their beauty and new-found verdure.

Near us there lived a woman who was the mother of seven children; but, alas! children were neither trouble nor pleasure to her; for they came when

they pleased, and went wherever they listed. They were generally absent all day, and in the evening gathered together like scattered sheep. How often has my heart ached for those poor children! and how often have I felt the providence of a kind God alone preserved them from many a threatening danger! But the ways of God are often mysterious, and “past finding out.” Affliction seemed necessary to make the mother’s heart understand its duties.

There was one among those nine children, who, though so much neglected—so little cared for, always attracted the notice of strangers. She had not yet completed her seventh summer, and her clear, intelligent eyes, the soft and waving hair, told of a nature, which only needed cultivation to produce fruit, rich and abundant; but, alas! the hand which should have cultivated the soil, was idle, and those who should have shielded her had forgotten their responsibility to Him who gave, and had the power to take away.

Little Nannie, as we were wont to call her, was in the habit of spending her days away from home, either making sand-houses on the banks of the stream, or of romping with some of the neighboring children; but on that morning she lingered near her mother, watching her movements, asking questions, and seeking for “knowledge, but finding none.” As usual, the mother was about to visit one of her neighbors, and forbade Nannie to follow her; but the child was not accustomed to control, and stealthily followed in her mother’s footsteps, and joining a group of children, was soon busily engaged in play.

As I stood in my own door, I could distinctly hear the clear, sweet voice of little Nannie above the rushing of the turbid stream. Gradually it became fainter, until it died away in the distance: they had gone to play on the brink of the stream.

The roar and rush of water always had a sad and singular charm for my spirit; and I still stood gazing listlessly on the dark and tameless torrent, when a shriek, that startled the birds over my head, and told of a life of agony centred in a moment, rent the still air. My own heart stood still with fright; then suddenly came the thought that even my feeble arm might avail something; and if it could not, my heart could yield its sympathy. I ran, or rather flew along the margin of the stream; and after having gone little more than a hundred yards, I met a little girl, who was wringing her hands, and crying piteously. I asked hurriedly what was the matter, and the answer, simple and unadorned, is deeply graven on my memory: “Little Nannie has gone floating off down the creek, and we shall never see her again.” On I went; and a little farther I met the distracted mother, calling frantically on the name of her child, and manifesting all that stormy grief peculiar to uneducated and unrefined persons. The men had gathered round, but I was the only female; and as soon

as she discovered me, her woman's heart sprang for sympathy to mine; and folding her arms around me, she poured out the full and resistless tide of grief. Then came the stern reproofs of conscience; and she upbraided herself for not having done her duty—for not having watched more carefully the children intrusted to her care, and promised to atone for all the past if her beloved child were restored to her once more. But it was too late. Heaven had taken from her the treasure for which she had cared so little.

The stream was carefully searched, but no trace of the body could be discovered. It seemed, from the account given by children who were with her, that Nannie, tempted by some locust flowers that grew on the brink of the stream, had ventured to climb up the trunk of the almost prostrate tree, which hung far out over the stream, and in her endeavors to reach the most beautiful flowers, she had lost her footing, and was precipitated into the water. After she had fallen in, she called on her companions for help, and with some difficulty, and much presence of mind, they assisted her to reach a log, which being round, turned with her weight, and she was gone for ever. The bright hair waved a moment on the muddy waves—one little white hand was tossed wildly up toward heaven, and all was over.

For two long, weary hours, I sat beside that grief-stricken mother. I could offer but little consolation. She knew all that I could tell her—that her child had gone to rest among the stainless bowers of Eden. What could I do, then, but weep with her, and mingle my hopes and wishes with hers, that the cold, still form, the now gemless casket, might be recovered?

At length it was carefully whispered around, that, without doubt, the body had been carried down with the current, and lost in the wide bosom of the broad Ohio. After much entreaty, we succeeded in persuading the mother to return to her now desolate home, and leave her kind-hearted neighbors to pursue their search farther.

Sad, indeed, was that return, as she crossed the threshold of her door. Many a recollection, tender and sweet, rushed into her heart, and she called loudly upon Nannie by every endearing epithet which a mother's love could suggest. Another hour passed by on leaden wings, and there came a messenger to announce the recovery of the body. With saddened feelings, not unmixed with joy—a solemn joy, that the cherished form was at least found, I arranged a bed, on which the remains of poor little Nannie were to repose for the last time. Slowly they came, that little train of stout-hearted men, with streaming eyes, the foremost bearing the pale and lifeless corpse as tenderly as if it were an infant warm with life and beauty. They were met at the door by both parents, with all the demonstrations of unrestrained and tumultuous grief. Again and again they kissed those lips, so lately wreathed with smiles—

those eyes so lately illumined with joyous existence; but not once did their hearts seem to ascend to where the spirit sat enthroned with light, and eternally delivered from the evil to come. It entered not into their hearts, that He who had stricken had also the power to heal. They knew not, severally, perhaps, that there was a "refuge in the shadow of the wings of the Almighty." How my heart pitied them, that they knew not this! They felt not that such grief was unseemly—that, like David, though "she could not return to them, *they* might go to her."

How beautiful looked that fair infant face, as it reposed upon the snowy pillow, in its death stillness, the bright hair parted on the marble brow! No mark of agony was on that face, though, to a close observer, the little tongue held tightly between the teeth told of the fearfulness of the death struggle. In one hand was grasped closely a willow branch, as if she had caught instinctively for help, but the treacherous branch had failed her.

Sadly we laid our favorite Nannie in her little grave among the fair spring flowers—fair and fading as herself, remembering how bitter may be the lesson taught us by our own carelessness. The mother refused to be comforted. *Her* heart was doubtless torn by the recollection of her own neglect—by the thought that she might have been saved that fearful stroke, had she attended to a mother's duties.

I returned to my own quiet home with a strong resolve at my heart, that I would henceforth be more diligent in performing my duties, and watch more carefully over the temporal and eternal interests of those committed to my care.

The evening was delightful. The turbid stream had retired to its accustomed channel—had ceased its angry roaring, as if satisfied with its prey—the victim of mistaken affection and undue indulgence. The air was laden with sweets, and the white, tassel-like flowers of the locust tree were dancing brightly in the evening sunlight, and diffusing their sweet breath over the grave of the drowned child. I cannot yet look upon locust flowers without a saddened heart, for they lured poor Nannie to her grave.

My heart overflowed with gratitude to our Father in heaven, as I looked around upon my own little family, and felt that they were secure—that this great affliction was not mine, and, above all, that I had a "refuge in the shadow of the wings of the Almighty." I thought of the apparent darkness and mystery which this sad event wore to those who had the burden to bear, and how consoling would have been the faith that looks beyond the grave. A little while and we shall lie down, too, to sleep in the grave. By what portal we shall enter we know not.

"As the long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,

By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

BY REV. A. G. SHEARS.

INCENTIVES to the improvement of our minds, by a thorough and extensive education, are numerous and great. We need to know but little of our innate ignorance, to prompt us to vigorous exertions in behalf of the mind's cultivation. "For the soul to be without knowledge is not good." And that this fact is realized more fully than many suppose, seems evident from a variety of considerations. Hence, to appear ignorant, or to be pronounced so by others, is distressing to very many.

The desire of investigation implanted within us, and the novelty of much about us in youth, urge us onward in the pursuit of mental wealth. New and perhaps stronger motives than these, soon actuate the mind, and influence the conduct. Influences and principles, not to be tolerated by Christian ethics, are frequently found wielding great power in forming the literary character of the young aspirant. Knowledge for its own sake is found endearing to the mind. And yet should the Christian lady have her desires and efforts formed after another, a higher, and holier principle. This need not, however, hinder her from the enjoyment which research into the various departments of science affords to the successful student. It may even be productive of an increase of happiness to such.

What though there be an absence of a vain ambition, and a desire to excel others, merely for the purpose of outvieing them? Are there not other considerations, weighty and ennobling, whose influence can powerfully both aid and satisfy her, whose daily tasks are undertaken and accomplished under their benign and spirit-stirring impulses? How easy to perceive this! And what, we might inquire, are those elements, so fruitful in disenthraling the mental nature from ignorance and imbecility?

A *sense of duty* is a strong motive to action. That God wills the improvement of our intellect, by means of our own exertions, crowned by his blessing, is doubtless a conviction with many. Nor is such a conviction inoperative. Heaven has not revealed to man, perhaps, all the reasons for compliance with duty. Still, enough stand out prominently to cause us both to will and to do. The cultivation of the mind's immense powers pleases. To delve into the

languages, to look over the annals of hoary time, to investigate the physical laws of the universe, to study mind in its ever-varying developments—these summon us to action—to action, that will, must prevail. A preparation, by discipline of mind, to act well our parts, and to live for life's great purpose, gives increased energy to efforts before efficient.

Intellectual power, added to other requisites, enables its possessor to enter, with strong probabilities of success, the avenues to usefulness, to succeed in which is the height of her ambition.

Look at the results: her talents have blessed the world, instead of being the world's withering curse. In the lasting impressions made—impressions enduring as life—as eternity—she finds, in an immortal state, that her talents and labors have had reference to two worlds. Her aims have not been unworthy an immortal spirit, and hence, in a future state, she shines "as a star in the firmament for ever and ever."

O ENVY NOT.

BY VIVENZO.

O ENVY not the glare, the show,
That round the beauty's brow doth glow;
That brow is only decked so bright,
To make the heart more gay and light.

O envy not the wealth that brings
A weight of care which ever clings
With dreadful closeness to the soul
That yieldeth to its base control.

O envy not the fame, the cheer
That strikes with joy the dizzy ear:
It dies amid the dying groan,
And leaves the heart to ache alone.

O envy not the grace, the form
That shows no sign of death's wild storm:
'Twill lie beneath the damp, cold sod,
And wait the rousing trump of God.

O envy not the mind that scans
With eagle eye creation's plans:
It tells of nights of anxious care,
And deep, deep thought for ever there.

O envy not the tyrant brood
Who live on price of brother's blood;
For clanking chains and piercing screams
Shall mingle with their midnight dreams.

O envy not the powers that clasp
A nation's land with reckless grasp;
For cannon's boom, and crimson streams,
And murder's march, are not truth's means.

O envy not the proud, the vain—
Their pleasure is but absent pain;
But follow thou the wise, the good,
And live in humble trust on God.

WOMAN.

BY IMOGEN MEREDITH.

—
 "O, what is woman—what her smile—
 Her lip of love—her eye of light?
 What is she if her lip revile
 The lowly Jesus? Love may write
 His name upon her marble brow,
 Or linger in her curls of jet;
 The bright spring flowers may scarcely bow
 Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
 Without that meeker grace, she'll be
 A lighter thing than *vanity*."
 —

THESE words of the poet have been passing through my mind continually for several days—a strong proof of the reality of an admitted principle of mental philosophy, that "*contrast* is one of the general or primary laws of the association of ideas;" for I have been reading the biography of several females, who, by "the grace of God, arrived at the highest point of moral culture, and stand forth as specimens of what woman, born in a Christian land, and surrounded by Christian influences, may nobly do and dare. I read the books, to which I am about to refer, with admiration and delight. I laid them down, and looking within me and around me, a sad and depressing influence, for a time, came over me, as I saw how comparatively little was generally accomplished by those whom God had intrusted with similar powers, though called to action in different spheres. I saw many endowed with good and active minds, with every means for mental and moral improvement within their grasp, yea, almost forced upon them by a teeming press, and the various outward calls for benevolent action, living as though this world bounded their existence, and its fashions and frivolities were all that had been intrusted to them for enjoyment and improvement. I saw another class, surrounded by a young and rising family, and permitting those sweet affections so totally to absorb them, that the outer world of misery seems all unheeded; and they gaze upon their own shielded ones without an active remembrance of those who are suffering from positive negation of every comfort, whose eyes are ever dimmed by childhood's tears, and whose young hearts are heavy with sorrows, the *source* of which they cannot analyze or know, but the *reality* of which is blighting life's joyous spring, and thus casting a withering influence over all their future years. Another class passed before my mental vision, bringing a measure of relief. These were my young Christian friends. They were not absorbed by earthly fashions; they were remembering the poor and suffering; they had classes in the Sabbath school, which they were striving to teach; they were, in some degree, improving their minds; and, as daughters and sisters, were loving and beloved. And yet, as I gazed upon them, and measured their powers, their resources, and their influence—as I remembered what

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some had done, and that "God is no respecter of persons," I felt there was even among these a lack of high ambition, and I feared that if *the present* were to be the standard of judgment, our Lord would hardly say of any, "She hath done what she *could*." These thoughts of sadness were chased away by the delightful reflection, that to the youthful readers of "The Ladies' Repository" the present need not be their standard of mental or of moral excellence; but as we trace before them some pictures of living light glowing beneath the full effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness, which alone imparts unto them coloring and animation, may they gaze and gaze, until, with one of old, they awake to the full consciousness of their immortal powers, and rise with the lofty and vigorous determination, "I, too, will be a painter"—resolved, that they will trace upon their own hearts, and picture forth in their own lives, all that is lovely in woman's character, or sanctified and ennobling in woman's high ambition.

My present object is, simply, to awaken thought and create interest; the means and motives for personal improvement we defer to another number.

The first character we design to contemplate is Mrs. Henrietta Shuck, the first female missionary to China. We rejoice in the opportunity of dwelling on a favorite subject. China! that walled city so wonderfully unclosed by the providence of God to this Christian generation, placing before them a field for the highest, widest ambition, and calling upon the Church to put forth every energy that she may instrumentally sanctify this myriad people for our God. With inexpressible interest we have watched the success of other Christian denominations in those eastern climes; and from the time we were permitted to peruse the "Life of Mrs. Judson," and thus learn what had been accomplished by Christian soldiers, amid perils, privations, and sufferings, which words are all inadequate to describe, we have felt a weeping, prayerful, restless desire, that our branch of Zion might arise to share in the conflict and the victory. And the movement of our Church this spring, the incipient movement, the feeble harbinger of mightier efforts, was hailed with intense delight. But our joy was frequently clouded by hearing sentiments which denoted one of two things: either entire ignorance of what had been accomplished by the young men and women of other denominations in foreign fields; or, an admission that our Church could not send forth those who could equal them in wisdom, judgment, and acquirements. We know not to what else to attribute the objections made to our missionaries, that they *were too young*—that China required mature men to cope with its superstitions and its learned ignorance, to grapple with its hieroglyphical language, and meet the contending obstacles of political changes and administration. Were such ignorant, or did they forget that thirty

years ago, Judson and his compeers, none exceeding the age of five and twenty, with no precedent to guide or to encourage them, went forth with a courage which only the Spirit of God could have inspired, and planted a mission in the heart of learned yet darkened Burmah, mastered a language nearly as difficult as the Chinese, prepared elementary books, translated the Scriptures, created a sacred literature, opened schools, built Churches, and, thus laying a deep and solid foundation, preached the glorious Gospel. Since then they have exulted in the sight of scores, hundreds, yea, thousands of converted heathen renouncing caste, trampling upon idols, throwing off the chains of Buddhism, and exulting in the full liberty of the children of God.

Pushing their conquests east and north, our Baptist brethren have entered China, given the right hand of fellowship to the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board already established there, and will welcome, we question not, their Methodist friends to a full participation in their labors and their joy. Our young missionaries, unlike those who preceded them, will have the benefit of well-digested plans, of numerous elementary books of the Chinese Scriptures, and of unrestricted liberty to work according to their best judgment in their selected stations. We, therefore, feel inclined to urge our friends to suspend their opinions, or, at least, the expression of them, until our experiment has been fully tried, and Methodist capability for foreign missions been fairly tested.

Mrs. Henrietta Shuck was a Virginian by birth, but seems to have possessed, in no ordinary degree, that natural energy deemed so peculiarly characteristic of New England women. It is, we believe, a fact that two-thirds of all our active, devoted missionaries, went forth from the brave New England shore, as if the missionary spirit of the pilgrim band still struggled there for expansion and for exercise.

Mrs. Shuck's educational advantages did not exceed those enjoyed by probably all our readers—a good seminary, pious, intelligent teachers, and a sound English education. No reference is made to any especial acquirements. Her biographer says, "She possessed not a brilliant but a good intellect; she was not endowed with genius but a well-balanced mind." She became pious at fourteen, became a member of the Baptist Church, and seems to have been very decided in her Christian course. She always manifested a strong interest in missionary operations. At the early age of eighteen, she was married to the Rev. Lewis Shuck, a late student of Richmond College, Va., but then an appointed missionary to China. She was young to assume the responsibilities of a wife, very young to take a station in the missionary band, and, we doubt not, that at this time the pure earthly affection of her woman's heart would have led her cheerfully to the far verge of this green earth with him to whom she had just united her earthly destiny, without the added impulse

of Christian love and zeal. Her biographer truly says, "It would betray ignorance of the human heart to suppose that in one so young and of temperament so ardent as Miss Hall, romantic feelings did not, in some degree, mingle with high and holy motives; but that in the main her views were enlightened, her principles sound, and her affections pure and spiritual, her subsequent zeal, sacrifices, and labors in the Redeemer's cause, continued without abatement to the very close of her life, her amiable and consistent deportment, her joyous anticipation of heaven, when brought by disease to the very verge of the grave, furnish most decisive proof." In all this we fully concur, and though we do not deem this the highest form of missionary principle, (we have explained heretofore,) yet subsequent events so strengthened and developed it, that she became a beautiful example of missionary zeal and patient labor. As we trace her feelings amid the sickness and the dangers of her ocean sail, we are struck with the deep spirituality of her expressions, and her willingness "to depart and be with Christ." And then we land on heathen ground, and hear her exclaim, "You cannot, my dear father, tell how I feel when I see I am surrounded by a people who know nothing of Jesus. I bless thee, Lord, that I am here. I feel more anxious than ever to labor for the destitute heathen; yes, in a heathen land let me live and let me die."

The missionaries lingered awhile in Singapore, and acquired the Malay tongue, which is very simple, without difficulty in a few months. After a time, they removed to Macao, the scene of their labors for several subsequent years. We were particularly impressed with the cheerful courage with which she commenced the study of the difficult Chinese language. She says, "I should at once commence Chinese, but the facilities for learning it are very few, and my dear husband thinks it better for me to postpone it a few months. I do not intend, by any means, to give it up entirely, although it is generally thought that the Chinese is too difficult for the weak mind of a female. There is a lady now in Singapore who speaks Chinese very fluently; so I suppose what 'woman *has* done woman *can* do.'" This was soon after her arrival. Some time after she adds, "My dear husband and I are going on encouragingly with the language. He goes ahead rapidly, while I creep on slowly behind. It is certainly a *very difficult* language to learn, but, in the strength of the Lord, we both hope to overcome the difficulty." Four or five months after, she adds, "We study about four hours every day. I feel greatly encouraged in regard to my progress in the language." And as we advance, we read of her teaching, reading, and speaking Chinese without a boastful word of conquest. Mr. Shuck seems to have mastered it very rapidly. Within two years, he could converse with ease and intelligence; in less than three, he preached in

Chinese every Sabbath. We dwell upon these facts, for we deem them very encouraging; and at this crisis, when, we trust, many young hearts are yearning but fearing to enter that arduous field of labor, our Church needs all the information and strength which can be gained from reliable sources. We subjoin another extract, from Dr. Morrison, who grappled with and conquered every difficulty, for the benefit of those in whose hearts desire for the occupation and fear of their own inefficiency may be maintaining a painful conflict:

"The attainment of the Chinese language has often been represented as almost impracticable, and sometimes, on the other hand, it has been said to be very easy. It is of importance that the student should take the middle path, where, indeed, the truth lies. To know *something* of the Chinese language is a very easy thing; to know as much of it as will answer many useful and important purposes is not extremely difficult; but to be master of the Chinese language, the writer considers *extremely* difficult. However, the difficulty is not insuperable. It is a difficulty, which, in the words of Sir William Jones when speaking of the Persian language, like all others in the world, will be insensibly surmounted by the habit of perseverance and industry, without which no great design was ever accomplished. The student should not, therefore, undertake Chinese under the idea that it is a very easy thing to acquire; nor should he be discouraged under the impression that the difficulty of acquiring it is next to insurmountable."

We give one other incident as illustrative of the power of acquiring the language. Of her eldest son, two years old, she thus writes:

"Jane Maria, A. Che, (two Chinese pupils,) and Master Lewis Hall, form a class, and are daily taught by myself in English, and by a Chinese teacher. He speaks Chinese perfectly, but does not like to read it. He knows most of his letters, but, strange to me, though he understands every word that is said to him in English, he will *not speak a word in English* if he can avoid it. Chinese really seems to be his mother tongue."

This child had no Chinese nurse, though he had Chinese companions. He was associated constantly with his American parents, who, no doubt, in their family intercourse, generally spoke English. He was daily instructed in English *by his mother*, yet always spoke Chinese from choice. That idiom, therefore, must have been easiest to the child to speak, though more difficult to read.

We cannot enter into a minute detail of Mrs. Shuck's labors. We hope our readers, who are interested in China, and can obtain the book, will read it. It gives "a local habitation and a name" to much that is vague and dream-like in our thoughts of that distant land, and the missionary labors connected with it, and we hope will awaken in many

young female hearts, a desire to be associated with her in high and holy labors. At *twenty years* of age, we view Mrs. Shuck in a heathen land, a wife to aid and encourage her husband in his missionary toils, the mother of two sons and three adopted Chinese children, the entire care of which devolved upon her to a degree unknown in a Christian land, because of the necessity of guarding them from the heathen influences which pressed on every side, with all the domestic supervision made necessary by such a family, studying the Chinese, and conducting a large correspondence with American friends. A year after, she writes, "When I last wrote you, I had only two little Chinese children under my care: now I have nine boys and girls in the house, and expect six more this afternoon. These children require to be looked after very closely. I should much prefer taking girls exclusively, but so great is the opposition of the Chinese to have their female children educated, that I find I must take boys in order to get girls. When I first mentioned to the Chinese, that I intended to open a school, they brought boys in numbers to me, but not girls. At last I refused to take any more, unless for every boy they would bring a girl. So that now in order to have attention bestowed upon their sons, they permit the poor neglected daughters to accompany them. I expect three girls and the same number of boys in an hour or two, and I shall then have five girls altogether. I had a girl of eleven years of age given to me the other day. She is interesting and appears as happy as possible." While thus occupied, she writes to her sister, "I wish now to urge upon you the importance of cultivating your intellect. I do hope you will pay strict attention to your education, and not consider it finished when you quit school. I have learned more the past two years than I ever did in any school. I make it a rule to read every good work that comes in my way. I am reading one called, 'Hints on Education,' and I meet with many valuable thoughts on the education of my dear children. Mr. Morrison has also kindly lent me, 'The Principles of Physiology as applied to the Preservation of Health, and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education, by Andrew Combe,' which I intend to peruse, or rather study, (for such works should be studied,) as soon as I am through the former. It is exceedingly improving to the young mind to read much and digest well. You will never regret having done so when you come out into society, particularly if you should be a missionary's wife. Then while unencumbered lay up a good stock of knowledge. Let every passing hour find you 'gathering honey from every flower.' Write, and write, and rewrite, until you *right* your ideas."

Thus vigorously, amid her multiplied duties, did she improve her own powers, and try to exert the influence which affection and experience gave her even in her far distant home.

Here let my readers of that age pause a moment, and institute a comparison. It may be that some of them are wives and mothers, but surrounded by all the helps and blessings of a Christian land, with domestics to prevent toil, with time to improve their minds continually, with opportunities for unceasing usefulness at home and all around them. Let them ask, if they are doing all they can in their appointed sphere? Is usefulness or enjoyment their object and aim day by day? Have they ever formed a systematic plan of action, by which they may embrace the greatest number and exert the widest influence? Why should they not? Does the privilege of abiding in a Christian land narrow their sphere of influence? Do multiplied blessings lessen obligation?

Probably the most of our readers are still in their father's house, with light domestic duties, freedom from all oppressive anxiety, with their future sphere yet unmarked before them, and privileges, mental, social, and religious, crowding all their path. What do these (young Christians) more than others? Are they living indefinitely? Then they are wasting half their powers. Are they ambitious? and does their present sphere seem unimportant and contracted? Then they have formed mistaken views. God will and does, in his own good time, place his children in the position which is best fitted for them and for which they are best fitted. Heathen fields do not create religious principle or activity; they only call them forth and occupy them. Therefore, we plead, do you desire to be eminent? Prepare yourselves for eminence by mental culture, by moral discipline, by the cultivation of a missionary spirit, by doing all you now can for the benefit of others just where you are. In your imaginings of the future, (and the young mind cannot be without them,) let usefulness be the predominant object; but write, write upon your hearts the sentiment, that if you are not *now* doing all you possibly can in your relations as daughter, sister, friend, teacher, you have *now* no right to presume that removal to another sphere would make you able or willing to fulfill its appropriate duties profitably to yourselves or acceptably to God. We repeat, circumstances do not *create* principles; they only evolve them; and to dream of other spheres and other duties while the present is passing idly by, is but the "baseless fabric of a vision," from which the realities and duties of life will awake us to the sad consciousness of unimproved time and powers. We close this number with a gem from an old author, and will resume our review in the next.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hind'rance or impediment;
For presently this hind'rance thou shalt find

*That without which all goodness were a task
So slight that virtue never could grow strong;
And wouldst thou do one duty to his mind,
The Imposer: overburdened thou shalt ask
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long."*

I LOVE THE VINE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WALKER.

I LOVE the vine that closely twines
Around the mighty tree;
It teaches me how I should cling
To thee, my God, to thee.

Emblem of meek dependence 'tis
Upon a friend or brother:
It teaches us to lend support
And succor to each other.

Emblem of warm affection, too,
Of love's confiding heart,
Which cleaves to those we hold most dear,
And naught but death can part.

Though tempest winds may rudely blow,
And wintry blasts may chill,
The heart with true affection fraught
Will cling the closer still.

I love the vine that gently twines
Around my little bower,
Which here and there a cluster bears,
And many a fragrant flower.

It shades me from the noontide heat,
With fragrance fills the air;
It is a sweet, a lone retreat—
"It is the bower of prayer."

It teaches me that Christ, the vine,
Doth his true branches prove,
By showing here the fruit they bear,
With richest flowers of love.

I love the vine that loves to climb
Aloft the forest trees,
Where it may feel the breath of heaven
In every passing breeze.

It teaches me to raise my heart,
And fix on things above,
Where balmy dews of grace distill,
And zephyrs whisper love.

But yet I love the humble vine
That's creeping round and round,
So richly laden with its fruit,
It cannot leave the ground.

We often see it trampled on,
But still it yields its store,
And creeps along with quiet mien,
Just as it did before.

O what a lesson for my soul,
This vine upon the ground:
Emblem of true humility
With works of mercy crowned.

The fruitful vine, where'er it grows,
A lesson doth impart,
That will instruct reflecting minds,
And touch a tender heart.

The proudest oak that waves its top,
Nor tallest mountain pine,
Can boast such honors paid their fruit
As the dependent vine.

Its fruit the only emblem yields
Of that atoning fount,
Which flowed from 'neath the soldier's spear
On Calvary's tragic mount.

Take this, the meek Redeemer said,
I drink no more with you;
It represents my blood with which
I seal the covenant new.

Touch not its consecrated fruit
With desecrating hand,
But, as an emblem of that blood,
Let it for ever stand.

O, I shall always love the vine,
I'd live beneath its shade,
And where its branches gently twine,
There let my dust be laid.

ON THE DEATH OF WATSON SHEARS,
A PIOUS SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE fairest plants our gardens yield,
The florist's pride and cost,
Oft, in an unexpected hour,
Endure th' untimely frost.

So in the nursery of the heart,
Where warm affections wait,
The buds that wake the fondest hopes
Oft find the earliest fate.

But if the Holy Spirit's breath
The infant soul hath made
A meet partaker of that bliss
Which cannot fail or fade,

The parting hour, indeed, may wear
The pang of earthly woe,
Yet hath a solace in that faith
Which humble Christians know—

The faith that dries a parent's tear,
And guides his eye above,
To see, amid the angel band,
The darling of his love.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE

FROM the deep, dark recesses of the past, there comes to the ear of philosophy and of religion a voice of warning and of wisdom. It comes from the plains of Chaldea; it rises from the vales of Palestine; it murmurs out from the tombs of the Nile; its echoes are heard from Parnassus, and from Helicon, and from Olympus; it is heard booming over the waters from the shores of the old world, and from the isles of the ocean. Let us listen what it says.

1. The past speaks to us of the vanity of human greatness. Its language seems to be addressed to me, and to all, who have affinity of soul to appreciate its teachings. It seems to say, Who art thou, O man, son of earth, being of a day, who exaltest thyself with the vain notion of greatness? Listen to the story of those, who have, in my time, traveled the same road in which thou art now journeying. There was once a great king, who ruled over the land of the Nile. All whom he met paid him reverence. Millions rose up at his bidding, and came and went again at his command. In the pride of his heart, he built him a city, from whose hundred gates there issued out a hundred thousand warriors, all clad in armor, ready to carry dominion, destruction, and death, wherever he listed. He erected a statue, which, by some curious mechanism, saluted, with strange music, the rising sun. He called for his obeisant slaves, and they went to the quarry of living rock, and dug from the mountain side the gigantic block, and by means unknown to modern times transported the huge masses to the plains, and there erected a pyramid, to serve as a place of burial for his body, and to perpetuate his name. But of his hundred-gated city nothing but ruins remains. His statue has fallen, and no longer emits its tones of music. His pyramid yet stands; but of the body it was intended to preserve, not a vestige, not a particle of dust remains; while his name, his very name is lost, lost for ever, nor will its echo ever again fall on human ear.

There came another, and he ruled over the plains of Chaldea. His dominion extended over the Euphrates and Tigris, famed in song. By unhallowed, yet successful war, he extended his sway over the Jordan, whose waters were sacred to the chosen people of the Most High, and over the sweet gliding Kedron, and

"Siloa's brook

That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

At noonday, he walked out on his palace roof, and looked over the magnificent city he had built, and boasted that he was greater than all kings, and even aspired to equal the Most High, saying, Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the city of my

glory, and for the eternal habitation of my people? But while he was yet speaking, there came a voice from the deep, saying, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O thou son of the morning! How art thou, which didst weaken the nations, cut down to the ground! Thy pomp is brought down to the grave with the voice of thy music. Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even the chief ones of the earth. It hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. They all speak to thee, and say, 'Art thou also become as one of us? Art thou also weak as we? Thou that didst strike the people in wrath with a continual stroke; thou that didst rule the nations in anger; thou that didst say in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt myself above the stars of God, I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the Most High, even thou art brought down to the pit, thy staff is broken, thy arm palsied, and from thy iron grasp the oppressed hath escaped.' " And where now is the great city of the Chaldean monarch? Where is Babylon, the metropolis of cities and the glory of kingdoms? Alas, it is swept by the besom of destruction. The Arabian pitches not his tent there; the shepherd makes not his fold there: but the wild beast of the desert makes his lair there, and the moping owl hoots out from the broken fragments of fallen fanes, and the bittern screams over the stagnant pools that cover the plain where the great city once stood. As for the boastful hero himself, his name only remains on the records of time. Not one remnant of his greatness, not one vestige of his power, not one monument of his pride survives; not one drop of his blood flows in the veins of any human creature.

Next came he of Persia's wide extended realm. In his arrogance he scourged the sea for having interfered with his plans. Along Thermopylæ's defiles he marched his countless hosts. A hundred years passed, and his warriors were gone, his obeisant followers gone, all gone; his kingdom was subverted, and himself forgotten.

There came another, he of Macedon, pre-eminently called the Great, the self-styled son of Ammon. On the utmost boundaries of the habitable globe the tramp of his fiery steed was heard. From the jungles of the Indus the tiger was startled by the clattering of his hosts. When he had conquered the world, he sat down on the shores of the Indian ocean, and wept that there was not another world to conquer. But where is he now? What remains of him but his name? Who knows the place of his grave? Where is his kingdom—his kingdom of universal dominion?

Next came he of the sunny Tiber. Before him the swift Parthian fled, and from his warlike strokes the fierce Gaul recoiled. The rude Briton, dwelling in the *ultima thule* of the ocean, trembled at his name.

To him the liberty-loving people of republican Rome offered a crown, which he wisely refused in name, but received in fact. His empire he bounded by the ocean, his fame by the stars. The city where he dwelt men called the eternal. And what now remains of him, or of the eternal city of his home? Of the one it was long ago said, there were none so poor as to do him reverence, and of the other nothing but the wreck is left.

There came another. From the shores of the frozen north, he rushed down on the plains of Italy. He boastfully said, that not a blade of grass ever grew beneath where his horse had trod. His legions of wild and savage barbarians did his bidding in spoiling the earth, and sacking its cities, and deluging its plains with blood. But his horse's tramp has long since ceased to sound, and the grass has grown green again. Himself lies unknown and unhonored beneath the Busentian waters. His hosts have vanished like a shadow, and the earth is at rest again.

Ages passed away, and there came another. The thrones of Castile and Arragon, and of the empire of the Rhine and the Danube, he molded into one, and sat upon it. Across the ocean waste he sent his ships to the Indian isles, and to the continents of the north and the south. His standard was erected, his name and authority proclaimed on the Cordilleras of Mexico and the Andes of Peru. The empire of the Montezumas and of the Incas fell an easy prey. Gold was poured into his coffers, and glory surrounded his temples. In his pride and his power he thought to arrest the march of truth itself, and he vainly attempted to keep in awe God's own messenger, who came to reform the world. An age passed, and the glory and the greatness of Europe's Charles was voluntarily laid aside. Tired of his crown, as a child of its toys, he threw it away. He let go his hold on power, came down from his throne, and hid himself away in a retired monastery. Another age passed, and the empire he had yielded up had fallen to pieces. Its Germanic possessions were passed to other hands: its Indian islands, all, save one, were fallen to other owners. Of the transatlantic continent, Mexico, with its mines of silver, and Peru, with its rivers of gold, nothing remained.

There came another still. From the Mediterranean isle he suddenly blazed with dazzling brilliancy on the eyes of men. The darkness of despotic power retired before him. At his approach, the thrones of kings tottered, and fell, and crumbled. Kings and queens came down on the plain, and bowed the knee, and kissed his hand. He stamped on the earth, and there sprang up men armed to the teeth ready to do battle for him, either on the burning sands of Egypt, or along the sunny plains of Italy, or amid the interminable forests of Russia. He brought down the eagle of Austria, grappled with the bear of Russia, and kept at bay the lion of England. His power knew no resistance, his ambition no bounds. The

people flung their caps in the air, and cried, Long live Napoleon, Emperor of the French. But over the spirit of his dream there came a change. His star, which had shone resplendent on all the landscape, was shorn of its beams in the murky atmosphere of Waterloo. It finally set, quenched for ever of its fires, in the Atlantic ocean. Far away in the waste of waters, where gallant ship seldom sails, rises high toward heaven a bleak and barren rock. Here were spent the latter days, and here was made the grave of him who made the earth tremble.

"Hark, comes there from the pyramids,
Or from Siberia's wastes of snow,
Or Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the seabird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh."

Thus speaks the past of human greatness. Alas, how vain is greatness. It passes like the shadow of a summer cloud over the landscape. The eye is upon it, and it is not.

"The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone
When dust he turns to dust again."

2. The past speaks of the perfectibility of human nature. Greatness is only comparative. It implies that one is above another. Were there no object of comparison we could have no ideas of greatness. In estimating greatness we usually limit our comparisons to the present; but in estimating the improvement of man, and his progress toward perfection, we compare one age with another. As man in his individual character passes through four stages of existence—childhood, youth, manhood, and age, so in his collective or national character there are four similar periods. Every nation, every government, has its infancy, its youth, its maturity, and as surely its decline. As surely as the human body has in its inmost nature the elements of decay, so every human institution has in its constitution the elements of dissolution.

Man as a race has had his infancy and his youth, and he may have somewhere in the future his maturity, and away in distant ages, his period, not of decay, but of change of sphere. But the past speaks to us only of infancy and of youth. She knows nothing of maturity, nothing of decay in the history of human nature. While individual man dies, while nations cease to be, the race dies not, human nature ceases not to exist.

Man improves in knowledge. From the very dawn of human existence the race has gone on constantly increasing in science. From the time when Tubal-cain first began to handle brass and iron, man has been advancing toward perfection in the arts. The ancient mariner ventured not beyond the isles

of the Ægean, or the Mediterranean, while the modern sailor explores

"Seas not his own, and worlds unknown before."

The ancient message-bearer trusted only to the speed of his foot, or of his horse, while the modern express is whizzed along by steam, or flashed by lightning.

Man improves in virtue. There are several species of virtue. The principal are political virtue and moral virtue. Political virtue is connected with forms of government. Political, social, and personal freedom are ever in proportion to the virtue of the people. In this species of virtue the progress of human society is evident. The earlier forms of human government were despotic. The one governed the millions. Under the republics of Greece and Rome the tens were free, and the thousands slaves. In the feudal ages the hundreds were free and the thousands still slaves. In modern days, the tens, the hundreds, the thousands, the millions, the universal race, are rising emancipated, disenthralled, regenerated, to the full measure of perfect and unrestrained liberty. Nor is less evident the progress of man in moral virtue. Every age develops some new application of moral principle, and adds something to the sum of human virtue. Nothing has been lost, but much gained. There has never been any human virtue, which does not yet exist. There have been vices which have ceased to exist; and there are new virtues constantly generating. So that on the whole the race of man is progressing in virtue. In the progress of humanity there is no retrograde; the tendency is ever upward; each age forms a stage in the advancement. The primitive ages cleared away the rubbish, and leveled off the site. The classic ages prepared the materials, and left them to season. The feudal ages laid the foundation. Modern ages are carrying up the structure stage after stage. Up still goes the edifice, the great temple of humanity, each age taking up the work where the preceding age left it.

Such are the teachings of the past on the question of human improvement. Her doctrines are sustained by the facts of human history, and are delightful to the heart of the Christian philosopher, who sees therein sure indications of a glorious future.

3. The past speaks of the omnipotence of truth. Truth is a rock in the midst of quicksands. It lies on a deep and firm foundation, immovable, though all around be fluctuating and changing. Truth is the pure gem, which rusts not, and changes not its lustre, but shines on from age to age with increasing light. Truth is the lever which moves the world. By means of it, the great work of human improvement is effected. Whoever wields this lever may be sure of success.

On the omnipotent prevalence of truth the past speaks in language distinct, explicit, and certain. The past tells us of One, who, some two thousand years ago, in an obscure village of Palestine, appeared in

human form, and with human feelings, as the representative of truth itself. His message, however, was disregarded, himself despised and rejected, and his life sacrificed to appease an angry mob. Before his departure, however, he called to his side twelve men of like passions with ourselves, and committed to them the truth, which he had come to reveal. To these men he assigned the task of changing the faith and the religion of the world. They were obscure and unknown among men, unlearned in the wisdom of the world, and unaccomplished in the arts and refinements of society. But the truth rendered them invincible. They went before the Jewish Sanhedrim; they stood up before governors, and kings, and even the emperor himself, and spoke the words of truth and soberness. The truth made them omnipotent. By its power they changed the habits, the faith, and even the civil institutions of society.

The past tells us of Luther, who, with the truth in his hand, defied the power of the Emperor, the Pope, and the devil; of Wilberforce, who, planting himself on one single principle, solitary and alone, moved the whole British empire, from "India's coral strand" to the Pacific's isle, where last fall the beams of the setting sun; of Wesley, who, reviving a religious truth, which, through corruption of the times, had fallen into neglect, set in motion a machinery, which may yet spread Scriptural holiness over all lands; and of Monticello's sage, who, in one single truth, has furnished a lever, which will yet overturn the throne of every despot on the globe.

Blessed be the man who happily presents to the eye of humanity a new truth. He does a work which can never be undone. He plants a seed which can never be uprooted—a seed having in itself life and immortality. It may, through unpropitious circumstances, lie for awhile dormant. It may be trampled by the rude foot of recklessness. But

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The immortal years of God are hers."

What matters it, then, O thou that lovest truth, whether men hear thee, or smite thee? What imports it though the world believe or scoff? Truth is immortal, and thou shalt share her own immortality.

4. The past speaks to us of the wisdom and power of Providence. Though individual human greatness is nothing, yet man is great. Though the individual dies, yet the race lives on, ever advancing. Though truth may lie long scoffed and neglected, yet she will in the end make her voice heard. All this is owing to the superintendence of Providence, a power incomprehensibly higher than human, watching incessantly over human affairs. One age has no power to connect itself with the past or the future; but He that sitteth on the circle of the heavens; that hath stretched out the north over the empty space, and hung the earth on nothing; that leadeth forth Arcturus, Orion, and the constellations of the south, and that dispenseth the sweet influences of the

Pleiades, joins the past, the present, and the future together by indissoluble links.

Thus speaks the past for the comfort and hope of man. Her voice is one of gladness to the human race. But she has another voice, which she sometimes utters in the ears of mortals. To me she often speaks with the gentle voice of the venerable one, who breathed her prayer over my sleeping infancy, who first taught me to read the Bible, and to trust in God, but who for thirty years has been sleeping on the hill side that looks out on the Atlantic waters. Again she comes, and speaks with the musical voice of the fair one, companion of my childhood, who rambled with me over the meadows, and by the brook, gathering flowers, in the spring time of life, but whom we laid to rest long ago beneath a bower of evergreens on my native plains. She comes again, the past, alas she comes too often, amidst my garden walks, and at the bower, calling me with the voice of the beautiful being,

"Whom I laid to rest in the lonely bed—
The lost and the lovely, the early dead."

I cannot but listen to the voice with which the past speaks to me, nor can I dispel from my heart the sadness which her echoes produce. Though the picture which her flitting forms cast on the mirror of my soul be one of deep shades, yet I must look on it.

"O, unrelenting past,
Strong are the barriers of thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind;
Yielded to thee with tears,
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck the captives thence.

In vain. Thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart,
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.

Thine for a space are they,
Yet thou shalt give thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way;
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past!

All that of good and fair
Hath gone into thy tomb from earliest time,
Shall then come back to wear
The beauty and the glory of its prime.

They have not perished, no,
Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Her by whose kind maternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the lone grave, the beautiful and young."

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

THERE is something in the word immortality, irrespective of its meaning, which has always attracted my attention. It is mostly made up of vowels and liquids, the smoothest letters of our language, with just a single consonant, twice repeated, to give it due point and firmness. No one, it seems to me, can pronounce it, with any degree of beauty, without feeling the melody of his intonations. I have heard it uttered, before now, by eloquent speakers, whose voices were clear and mellow, when its sweet tones would warble on my hearing like the music of a gentle rivulet. But the voice of woman is more musical than the waters. That voice has, in other days, and under circumstances the most exciting, given this word an utterance, which has caused my very flesh to creep with that well-known sensation of sublimity.

When I was a little boy, about seven years of age, I first learned the mortality of all living. It was at the burial of my little school-mate, Julia, who had suddenly died of a malignant fever. I looked into her coffin, and saw the pale lip of my loved one, and wondered why it did not speak to me. I walked with the mourners to the grave-yard, and beheld them let her coffin gently down into its last resting-place. They covered it over—most cruelly, as I then thought—and I never saw her afterward.

On returning home, while the older members of my father's family were busy again with their usual avocations, I, as I well remember, remained thoughtful and silent. Late in the evening, after a portion of the household had gone to rest, I found myself leaning against the mantle, by the fire-place, lost in sad reflections. Tears, the first I ever shed on such a subject, were dropping freely. A new thought, and a mournful one, had taken hold of me. Julia was dead. I should never again see her. She would no more play and prattle with me. In a word, the idea of death, the darkest and deepest of our conceptions, had begun its melancholy work upon my feelings.

Days and years passed on; but I never lost sight of my little Julia. Her death had become a type of all I beheld around me. I at once perceived that every thing on earth is mortal. I would stand and gaze at the blooming flower, or at the peeping petals of the young budling, and then think of Julia. My little lamb, which had eaten out of my hand every night, and noon, and morning, was killed by a wicked dog from an adjoining neighborhood. Old Gray, the kind and faithful animal, on whose willing back I was proudly learning to be a horseman, was seized by a distemper, and taken for ever from me. Friend after friend, as the years rolled on, died and departed. My father's family, in the meantime, had made several removals; and whenever it was my lot to return, for a few days, to a former residence, I saw all things altered. Some aged persons, who once seemed as necessary to the place as the houses they had lived in, had at last taken their departure. Many a youthful one, whose eyes had recently been all life and sparkle, had gone down to rest with Julia in the silent grave-yard. The scenery of these places, the woods, the hills, and the houses, would wear an altered aspect. The very earth, solid as it seems, began to look

mutable, and I saw all things passing away like a morning shadow.

Once, while yet a boy, I visited a camp-ground. It was the first I had ever seen. Late one night, as I was sitting on the ground, between two huge spurs of a giant hemlock, with my head reclining against the trunk, listening to the murmur of many mingled voices, I fell asleep, and was not discovered by the watchmen, when the services of the evening were concluded.

There, all alone, in a strange forest, though surrounded by many silent sleepers, I found myself toward morning, when the darkness of night is usually the thickest. I was a perfect stranger to every person at the meeting; for the two or three boys, who had been my companions, had found friends in the neighborhood, and had gone to lodge at their houses. Not knowing what else to do, I kept my position, though all thought of sleep had left me.

Here, in this place of worship, with the emblems of death in every tent around me, and nothing to occupy my mind but the mournful sound of the waving tree-tops, the twinkling of the stars that looked down upon me, and an occasional rush of noise from the neighboring cataract of Niagara, my whole soul, as the reader may well imagine, was soon absorbed in the most solemn and deep reflections. That night was a continual sermon, full of the most awful topics, and followed by a class of feelings that never left me.

How long will it be, I inquired of myself, before these sleepers will all be dead, and sleep that dreamless sleep that has no waking? Will not these trees, now so robust and lofty, fall before the woodman's axe, and wither and die for ever? Will not the generation of men now living, with all the characters so far above their fellows, soon pass away and be forgotten? Is there any thing on earth substantial! Perhaps the roar of that distant cataract, that emblem of God's power, is to be also an image of his eternity? Not so. The decree has gone out against it; and its voice will be hushed to as profound a quiet, as the stopped breath of my little play-mate. But yon stars—they, so far beyond the influence of this death-producing planet—will shine on for ever? No, not so. The time will come, when these nightly watchers will be taken from their places, and the realms around us will be a starless, rayless cavern. Is there nothing, then, abiding? Is immortality, after all, reduced to a few sweet and liquid letters, without significance, which, like every earthly stream, escapes ere you can mark its drift, or tell its meaning? The catechism was too fearful for me. I leaped from my position. The camp bugle sounded. It was morning.

But the broad sun, which roused the sleepers, and scattered the mists of darkness, dispelled not, from my mind, this style of sentiment and feeling. It lingered on my heart for months, and, in fact, finally became a settled intellectual habit. I became a sort of seeker after immortality. As other youth, of my own age and condition, spent their days at school, searching after the germs of science, I, on the other hand, in all my juvenile reading, was constantly on the look-out for the imperishable and eternal.

The first book I ever read was the Narrative of Riley, which, as I then believed every word of it, only confirmed my conviction of earthly mutability. The second was a miserable history of the Mexican and Peruvian Conquests; but I followed the footsteps of Cortes and Pizarro with a peculiar triumph; for every mile

they marched, and at the crash of every town they razed, and over the mangled carcasses of their slain in battle, I received a new proof of the correctness of my impressions. Next came the history of the ancients by Charles Rollin. Here I perfectly reveled in my peculiar opinions. I saw every thing, from the beginning, successively rising up, flourishing for a season, and then drooping and decaying. Empire after empire rose, and fell, and faded. Babylonia had nearly vanished, before its last condition was recorded, thus, like the infant of a day, perishing ere it could make an impression. Egypt, with her great cities, mighty temples, and resplendent glory, dazzled for a moment, then sunk in eternal darkness. Persia, the country of the great Cyrus, with all its wealth and wisdom, could not stand to witness, even for a short time, its own magnificence. Greece, the land of ancient light and liberty, the queen of all lands and mistress of the seas, with all her literary and philosophical greatness, falls, at last, before the universal conqueror. Death treads down the fairest of his foes. And Rome is really not eternal. The empire was gone, when I, a poor boy in the western wild-woods, where the track of the red hunter was yet recent, reviewed its origin, its progress, and its fall. The city itself, as the centre of a great nation, has been, for a thousand years, but a heap of ruins.

Where, then, should I find immortality? Do its vestigia appear in modern history? No, not there. Here, also, all things are as unstable as the changeful ocean. To-day a nation is planted. Its monarch is among the mightiest of mankind. Like Alaric he destroys, then falls himself to rise no more for ever. Like Charlemagne he conquers, but, before his grave is green, his possessions are divided, his kingdom is rent, and his deeds are undone or forgotten. Like Charles the Fifth he may rule over two or three empires united; then, like that same Charles, smitten himself with the worthlessness of human glory, he may seek obscurity, and perish as a recluse, or a common citizen. Like Napoleon, the man of destiny, whom the trembling world once thought invincible, he may ride and revel over the prostrate pride and power of nations; then, on a desolate rock, in the midst of the mighty emblem of his own changeability, he may die, the prisoner of those who hated him. And where is Napoleon's conqueror? The poor, pale, age-stricken Wellington, will soon be buried by a few official mourners, and another name, now unknown, will hold the place of his on the escutcheon of his country.

Still, on my subsequent reading and reflection, I found what, at first, seemed only an exception to my mournful theory. But, after repeated examination, I discovered it really to possess the elements of immortality. I do not now mean the human mind. I had long before been instructed in the leading principles of Christianity. Nor do I mean the rewards of virtue, which, when a child, that same Christianity had taught me to look upon as eternal. It was not, in fact, for the immortality spoken of by revelation, that I had so long been seeking. I was looking to find something, within the reach of nature or human ability, which should stand the test of ages, and thereby become immortal. It was a long time before I found it.

That principle, power, element, or whatever you choose to call it, which nothing can kill, which no authority can silence, which neither frowns nor flatteries can either affright or soften, is genius. It is the only

thing on earth, belonging originally to man, which can produce a work bearing the impress of immortality in its very nature.

Most men, and many respectable writers, confound the words, genius and talent, as though their signification were the same. An important principle in human philosophy has been lost sight of in this way. The mistake is the more remarkable, because there is no excuse for it in the etymology of the words. The word *talent* is from a Greek original, signifying to carry, or to bear; and, as applied to the mind, radically means the intellectual burden of a man; but, in its derived sense, it is employed to express, not only the mental burden, or the acquirements of an individual, but his power, also, to acquire. Men of talents, then, are they, who are capable of making great acquisitions in literature, philosophy, science, or any other department of knowledge. They are commonly recognized under the titles of well-read, learned, knowing men.

But a man of *genius* is altogether another kind of man. Here, again, the idea is best discovered in the derivation of the term. The word *genius*, like thousands of our most common words, is also from the Greek, and is kindred to the word *genesis*, both in origin and sense. It signifies a producer, one who creates, a man of originality or invention. It stands, also, for the inventive faculty, and is applicable only to persons possessing the power of creating in a very eminent degree. "Genius," says Dr. Blair, "always imports something inventive, or creative;" and the true sense of the word is, also, sustained by Pope and Coleridge; but the majority of mankind use it, as they do most other words, without knowing what they mean by it.

Genius is to be distinguished from mere eccentricity of mind. Although there is an appearance of originality in this latter trait of character, it is an appearance only, there being nothing really inventive in it. An eccentric man is one, who, too proud to follow in the beaten track, has not the capacity of striking out a new path, except by taking a course just the opposite of what other men pursue. He invents nothing. Perceiving the *positive* in other persons, he takes the *negative* for himself; and, therefore, what seems to be invention is only the contradiction of something already invented. It is a compound of pride and mental weakness.

It may be said, then, in applying these distinctions to characters well known, that Homer was a genius, and Virgil a man of talents. The one created, in a good degree, the materials out of which he built, and built by the guidance of his own line and plummet. The other, storing his imagination with the productions of the elder masters, employed them in all his efforts, and constructed by the light of his chosen models.

Thales, the wise man of Miletus, possessed true genius, because, as a philosopher, he was not only dissatisfied with the materialism of his age, and of all preceding ages, but was the founder of that theory of the universe, which asserts the existence of mind in addition to that of matter. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Lord Bacon, were, also, philosophical inventors.

Copernicus, the great Prussian astronomer, was a man of genius; for he first demonstrated the errors of the old Ptolmaic theory, and then brought to light, by the exercise of an originality the most remarkable, the true idea of the solar system. His followers, excepting such as Galileo, Kepler, and Sir Isaac Newton, have been chiefly but men of talents.

In the art of speaking, the name of Demosthenes is to be mentioned, but not that of Cicero, among those of great inventors; for the former, in spite of what he learned from the Greek actor, was the author of his own method of elocution, while the Roman orator was only the finished pupil of his Attic predecessors. Cicero, as a man of talents, studied with success under his Athenian tutors. Demosthenes, true to his originality, retired to a rocky cavern, and took lessons from his own echoes, and from the voices of the neighboring ocean. All the arts, and the men renowned in them, are to be judged of in the same manner. Persons of mere talent learn what they know from others. Men of genius, with an abiding trust in their native powers, follow their own ideas, guided and guarded by the acknowledged light of nature.

The reader, therefore, can easily perceive why works of talent have so little longevity, while the products of genius are immortal. The first class, composed of ideas already more or less familiar, are only the media, not the sources of information. There is nothing novel in mere learning. It strikes no new string in human susceptibility. Whatever a learned man may compile, the next generation will be sure to alter, or employ only as a treasury of facts for a new compilation. Thus, all works of learning, second-hand affairs at best, are for ever undergoing changes, like the rising and falling of the billows. One wave disappears, only to give place to another, as unstable as its predecessor.

But it is not so with genius. The works of genius are actual creations. They are new, original, unheard of, fresh from the soul of their authors. Whatever they are, they are for ever; for they are not susceptible of alteration. As they are new, so are they startling, and gain currency from the very fact that they are novel. But when once in circulation, it is impossible to stop them; for every effort, made with this view, only increases their notoriety. Besides, they always touch upon some cord in human nature, which is sure to vibrate with responsive admiration. Come from whence they will—from the palace, or the poor man's cot—from men known to fame, or from the wretched and obscure—the world hails them as revelations.

The reader may imagine, that I use the word revelation, as applied to the works of genius, more or less at random. This is not the case. It is true, I do not mean by it the same thing as that higher revelation, which came to the ancient seers by direct inspiration. But it has, nevertheless, a meaning. I intend to indicate, by its use, that men of genius are sent into the world under the superintending providence of God, as special teachers of their fellow-mortals, as messengers of the all-knowing One, to herald new truths to the common mind of humanity. They are God's natural, as the apostles were his supernatural, revealers. As the latter, wafted on the wings of a divinely illuminated faith, through the seven heavens of the world of spirits, returned to tell us of their celestial visions, so the former, endowed with an intuitive insight into nature, range through the fields of these inferior regions, to gather up the gems and stars of hidden truth, for the benefit of the common mass of mortals.

So, then, the works of genius, as their essential characteristic, embody the truths of nature, which are but the truths of God, newly revealed to man by employed agencies. And does the reader suppose, can he believe, that a truth—a truth of God—a truth of God made

known by a special instrumentality—can die? By no means. God himself is truth. The death of truth involves the annihilation of the Eternal. Not a particle of truth, which enters into the great Whole, can ever perish. It is immortal in its very essence. Nothing in heaven or on earth can kill the smallest atom of it. Submit it to any process—pound, press, powder it—bury it at the bottom of the ocean—conceal it beneath the soil, and pile mountains on it—and, true to its immortality, it comes up again, to survive and flourish through all ages.

But, more than this, a new truth confers immortality on the man who first discovers and reveals it. It is his truth that renders his name imperishable. Franklin, by first expounding a leading property of the electric fluid, has actually associated his name with every gleam of lightning; and the very heavens will echo it as long as there is a cloud or tempest. That American Congress, which, the first time since the world was made, asserted the great truth of equal and universal liberty, and sent George Washington into the field as its representative and defender, created for itself and for him a name as deathless as human nature. The name of Morse, however common it may sound at present, as it is connected with the crowning effort of human genius, will flash for ever along the wires, strung by himself, that thread the valleys of the nations.

It matters not what may be the early condition of these men, their genius surmounts every obstacle, and bears them ever onward and upward. One, like Saunderson, may be born to poverty and blindness, and spend his boyhood in obscurity; but he rises and writes his name, though sightless himself, where other men, in other days, can read it. Nor do the common infirmities of our nature seem to destroy this germ of immortality. There was poor Robert Burns, who, though he fell a victim to the vice almost universal with his generation, lived long enough among men to fix for ever on his memory the admiration of all people. Nor can human hatred, the general inheritance of these great teachers, silence or overpower them. The fame of Lord Bacon, so maliciously decried by his countrymen, has outlived all opposition. Not a child, in this age, is ignorant of his glory, while that man is learned, who can tell the names and rank of his accusers. No, my reader, the world cannot kill a man of genius. He has the essence of life within him. Men may discourage, insult, persecute, and defame him. They may go about whispering their slanders on him at every corner. There will always be enough, who keep their confidence, to save him. Nay, what did I say! He needs no one's help to save him. He can stand on the merit of his own exalted mission. His idea, his truth, his great work on earth, will infallibly maintain him. His enemies may triumph over him for a day. But, when his deed is done, and they have perished from the memory of man, he will triumph over them for ever.

I have found, then, immortality. My little Julia has been more than restored to me. I have seen something, even of man, imperishable. The world has long since worn a new aspect. My melancholy, so settled in my youth, has left me. The idea of death has ceased to be alarming. The wars and woes of the world no longer dishearten me. The life we here live is not all a shadow. Though mutability is stamped on all matter, and oblivion on the majority of mortals, there is one thing essentially perpetual—there are some men whose works will live after them. In the deepest affliction,

ever since this change of feeling happened to me, the present has looked more cheerful; and through the thickest gloom of the future, I have always had a glimpse of the hidden glory. Nothing, I perceive, depends on place or worldly power, but every thing on the virtue of my own spirit.

Let, then, the rich, the gay, and the proud, roll on in their poor splendor. Let me embrace poverty as my companion, and spend my days in the lowest valley of the great world. Let my friends all forsake me, and blot my name for ever from their recollection, or bury me beneath the mountain of their reproaches. Then I will trust to the fidelity of my own nature. Then, O my God, will I apply to thee for succor. Then do thou hear my call, and give ear to my supplication. Give me a truth, make me its messenger, and I am at once invincible and immortal.

THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE.

THERE is, perhaps, no feeling more native to a full-blooded Englishman, than jealousy toward us Americans, and hatred to the French. His temper, on these two points, will show itself at every turn. The event of our Revolutionary struggle puzzled the pride of the Briton very much; while his unfriendliness for France is inspired with every breath of life. These feelings are not only common to all the lower classes of Englishmen, but shared, equally, by the noble-born, the powerful, and the learned. They are seen, in their keenness, in the pages of those English writers, who have not the greatness of soul to live above the low passions of their age. A man of true nobility of feeling never indulges in national antipathies, nor in sectional prejudices, nor repeats the foolish stories invented by one state, or province, to the disparagement of another. He looks upon the world as his country, and upon all men as his countrymen. Still, these little passions, when ingeniously set forth, will sometimes amuse you for a moment, though they leave in your heart a settled pity for such a spirit for all time to come. The following piece of satire, taken from an English print, intended to rasp the feelings of both Frenchmen and Americans, will, I am certain, on this side of the water, excite nothing more bitter than a smile:

"The King of France was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of queens, but of women, hung fondly on the royal arm; while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of Le Notre, (from which Niblo's garden has been copied, in our own Empire City of New York,) and playing at leap-frog with their uncle, the Count of Provence; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high-bred beauty.

"*'Marie, my beloved,'* said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, *'tis time that the Minister of America should be here.'*

"*'Your majesty should know the time,'* replied Marie Antoinette, archly, and in an Austrian accent; *'is not my royal Louis the first watchmaker in his empire?'*

"The King cast a pleased glance at his repeater, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment. *'My Lord Bishop of Autun,'* said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand Perigord, who followed the royal pair, in his quality of arch-chamberlain of the empire, *'I pray you look through the gardens, and tell his excellency, Doctor Franklin, that*

the King waits.' The Bishop ran off, with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States' Minister. *'These republicans,'* he added, confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, *'are but rude courtiers, methinks.'*

"*'Nay,'* interposed the lovely Antoinette, *'rude courtiers, sire, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accomplished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the old world, with all the simple elegance of the new. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty, which I have never seen equaled by the best of the proud English nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful; and brave, but not in the least boastful.'*

"*'What! savages and all, Marie?'* exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely Queen playfully under her royal chin. *'But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the cacique, with him.'* In fact, as the monarch spoke, the Minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

"Knowing his place as Minister of a sovereign state, (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valor, in honesty, in strength, and civilization,) the Doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whistling the cane he carried in his hand.

"*'I was waiting for you, sir,'* the King said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the Queen gave his royal arm.

"*'The business of the republic, sire, must take precedence even of your majesty's wishes,'* replied Doctor Franklin. *'When I was a poor printer's boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, sire?'* and the intrepid republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

"*'I wished to—'* to say farewell to Tatua before his departure, said Louis XVI, looking rather awkward. *'Approach, Tatua.'* And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the first magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the denizen of the primeval forest.

"The redoubted chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light blue; a circle of green and orange was drawn round each eye; while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermilion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek-bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His moccasins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm,

and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the gray, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle, and faced the King.

"And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57?" said Louis, eyeing the warrior and his weapon. "'Tis a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it,' he added mentally.

"The chief of the French pale faces speaks truth," Tatua said. "Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war path with Montcalm."

"And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!" said the King.

"The English are braves, though their faces are white," replied the Indian. "Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth." A smile played round Doctor Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigor than ever.

"I believe, your excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec," the King said, appealing to the American envoy; "at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island? Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer."

"King Louis of France," said the envoy, clapping his hat down over his head, and putting his arms a-kimbo, "we have learned that from the British, to whom we are superior in every thing: and I'd have your majesty to know, that in the art of whipping the world we have no need of any French lessons. If your reglars jines General Washington, 'tis to learn from him how Britishers are licked, for I'm blest if *yu* know the way yet."

"Tatua said, 'Ugh,' and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start; the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of the dauntless American envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

"The King fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. 'Your excellency wears no honor,' the monarch said; 'but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this Cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;' and the King held out the decoration to the chief.

"Up to that moment the chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of ineffable scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

"I will give it to one of my squaws," he said. "The papposes in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medicine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;" and, shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him, when his own interview with the French chief magistrate was over, being attracted to the spot where the chief was, by the crack of his well-known

rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the colonel of the Swiss guards through his cockade.

"Three days afterward, as the gallant frigate, the *Repudiator*, was sailing out of Brest harbor, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the chief of the Nose-rings."

A TOUCHING SCENE.

AN English lady, of high accomplishments, resided seven years in Greece, and, stopping a short time at Constantinople, on her return, witnessed the scene which she very graphically describes:

"A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout, good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand, he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the younger and the more timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived, she whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long, heart-rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery; but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonized farewell was over. In another moment, we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms."

LITERATURE OF EGYPT.

No reader can be uninformed, that, during the great campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt, a body of French savans, who accompanied the expedition, made the commencement of a most wonderful series of discoveries in the monumental history of that country. The key to its hieroglyphics has been discovered. The inscriptions so common in all their monuments, tombs, pyramids, and towers, can now be read. Among the discoveries are these—that a king is represented by a sceptre, eternity by a ring, and a physician by that two-footed animal, that is always crying *quack, quack, quack!* The Egyptians, of course, intended no offense.

NOTICES.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION, *Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* By Joseph Butler, LL. D., late Lord Bishop of Durham, with an Analysis of the Work, by Rev. B. F. Tefft, A. M., Editor. Swormstedt & Mitchell: Cincinnati. 1847.—Although the Editor of this work, and of course responsible for our part of its contents, it is yet a duty we owe to the publishers to speak of it as it deserves, without hesitation. We need not, however, praise the part we have taken in it. Butler's *Analogy of Religion*, the great master-piece of all similar works in the English language, is enough, of itself, to secure a hearing. It is just the work, in our opinion, now generally needed for all religious families. No head of a family, who wishes to spend the small sum of three-quarters of a dollar for a book for fireside study, can do better, as we think, than to purchase this volume. Nor do the public, we perceive, hold a contrary opinion; for, before we could get it from the press, several hundred copies had been ordered. It is a book of immense importance to all clergymen. We are free to say, had we never read it, and did we know its value as we now know it, we could not allow five days to pass without procuring it for our private study. It is, also, the book for schools, academies, and colleges. As a text-book in the evidences of religion, in one important branch of those evidences, it is certainly without its parallel in any language. This is shown by the fact of its having been so universally translated into the languages of modern Europe. Nothing, indeed, could give us purer satisfaction, in our editorial capacity, than to have been instrumental in getting out an edition of this *Analogy of Religion*. In its typography, it is really a model of beautiful printing. The paper is superior; the press work is very perfect; and it is done up in several varieties of neat and substantial binding. The price has been fixed at one quarter less than it was supposed, at first, could be afforded. Now, in the name of our holy religion, we invite all the friends of Christianity to supply themselves with this choice volume. Let it be the everyday book of our children, at home, at the academy, or in college. Let us promote its circulation generally, for the common benefit of religion among all classes. It can be had of the publishers at Cincinnati, of Lane & Tippet at New York, and of Binney & Otheman at Boston. The usual discount is made to wholesale purchasers.

MEMORIALS OF THE INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM INTO THE EASTERN STATES. By Rev. A. Stevens, A. M. Charles H. Pierce: Boston. 1847.—This work of our old and valued friend, neatly printed on new type, beautifully bound and embellished, has been laid on our editorial table by the publisher. Another copy, in morocco covers and gilt edges, one of the richest books of the season, the publisher has contributed to our centre-table, as a token, we suppose, of our mutual friendship for many years. It is, in all respects, a most welcome offering. The subject of the volume possesses for us great interest. Having resided ten full years in New England, and having thus become familiar with nearly every part of it, scarcely a locality is mentioned in the work, which does not recall some cherished recollection.

But the *Memorials of Methodism* will be equally interesting to others. Those who know the localities only by reading, will be not a little excited to witness

the introduction of Methodism into many of the old Revolutionary places. Boston, and Bunker Hill, and Charlestown, and New London, and Providence, and Bennington, and even Concord and Lexington, will figure in their imagination while reading these interesting pages.

Many of the great men of Methodism, also, here find their proper places. There are Lee, and Asbury, and Pickering. Here Hedding and Soule began their momentous labors. In this field Fisk, and Meritt, and Mudge, and Kent, and Kibby, and Beale, and Brodhead, and a host of other worthies, lived and labored.

In New England, the obstacles to the introduction of Methodism were extraordinary, and naturally called out extraordinary efforts. We doubt, very much, whether the interests of the Church, in any part of the world, were ever sustained by greater exertions, sounder judgment, heavier sacrifices, or a warmer attachment to our peculiar institutions, than by our fathers of New England. They contended nobly with cold, and penury, and hunger. The prejudices and habits of a century had to be met and mastered. Both the Church and the state were against them. They had to fight and conquer every thing before them. If the granite character of New England would not, at all points, yield to them, and admit all our usages at first sight in their full vigor, why should these old pioneers, or their successors, be responsible for the disadvantage of a slight failure, when all the rest is triumph? Both Lee and Asbury have plainly indicated in their journals, that they regarded the work in the other states as mere children's play, compared with the stubborn realities of New England.

Methodism, be it remembered, was carried to New England by missionaries from the west and south. Its destinies, for a long time, were governed by western and southern influence. Whatever be its character, however, it is the representative of the whole Church at that period, over which Lee and Asbury exerted a kind of supremacy. Had not the missionaries, supported by the authority of the bishop, sanctioned certain unessential concessions to New England habits, they never could have been made and established. But, as if to justify their almost apostolic foresight, the peculiarities of Methodism in New England, thus for a time permitted, are now rapidly giving way to the general influence of the connection. Having, at last, gained the victory over state and ecclesiastical opposition, and made for itself, at home, an enviable reputation, it may now, without the slightest hazard, assert itself in its full character, and go on its way rejoicing.

We recommend the *Memorials of Methodism* to our numerous readers, as a work well worth their perusal; and we now advertise them, that when the *memorials of the introduction of Methodism into the great west* are written, embodying the toils and sufferings of our western veterans, they will have a book filled with equal zeal, enlivened by wilder scenes of adventure, and crowned with a greater triumph.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. Four Volumes in One. Sorin & Ball: Philadelphia. 1847.—This edition, brought out by our good friends of Philadelphia, is, in substance, the same as that of Carter, only this is in one volume, while there are four in his. It is unnecessary to say any thing in praise of the work itself. We might as well pronounce a eulogy on the Mississippi.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE month of January, reader, has come; and, punctual to our time, we once more make our appearance by your evening fire.

The New Year, as you perceive, has given us a new dress, and several ornaments never worn before. It would not be in keeping, we confess, with our studied modesty, to vaunt these trifles before the world, were they not New-Year's presents, the gifts of our kind old guardian and friend, who has ever been inclined to make as much of us as he can.

We come, then, fair readers, on a holyday visit, in our best attire, craving your goodnesses to admit us into your circles, and allow us a few words with you at this opening season of the year.

We do not ask for a formal reception, nor do we personally desire a formal talk; but would rather enjoy a tete-a-tete without the slightest ceremony in the world. We do not like ceremony at all. All we ask is a welcome, a bright light, and a warm fire. If, then, you live in the country, where fuel is plenty, and where the old-fashioned fire-place is large, pile up the hickory and the sugar tree, and let the blaze of the crackling flames enliven all around. But if you reside in the city, where wood and coal are dear, do give us a *grate-full* welcome, that our heart may feel the better for our monthly call. Draw up the big table. Spread out its ample leaves. Trim the big light, and let us sit down together for an hour.

By the way, if the man of the house happens to be in, please to give him a knowing wink, that our business is especially with you; but that, as there is no secret kept between us—it would be a wonder if there were—we have not the least objection to his sitting by, as a sort of *silent partner* to the affair. Above all, the old folks and the young folks we particularly desire to see; as we have brought with us, as the offerings of many helpers, a kind of happy New-Year for them all. We have them all here concealed beneath the folds of our new cloak, which, for our mutual convenience, and at your kind desire, we will now lay aside.

First of all, this glorious picture, the present of London and New York skill combined, we will now say but little of, as we have a long discourse for you about it by and by. The bird is a beauty—a winter bird—but not of the clime where we happen to reside. Then comes, what you ought to accept with seriousness—a truthful reflection on the Past Year, in the substantial and sensible dress of its excellent author. The Welsh Orator, by our friend Dixon, will remind you of a people, whose eloquence has become a proverb. And here is a little *jet d'eau* on Classic Fountains, to remind you of summer. Next, Sketches of New England Life, a beautiful thing, will appear to advantage, when the whole story shall be told. Our fair friends will, of course, give it a second looking when they get it all. The Mother's Address to her First-Born will be sure to touch some cords, that know what it is to vibrate to such a theme. The Mount of Sacrifice, a new jewel from an old friend, is one of the brightest and fairest from his hand. Then come Clifty Falls, which, like the cascade on Coila's cloak, are so pictured to the fancy's eye, that we think we see it tumbling

"Wi' seeming roar."

The Sketch about little Nannie will not be as successful with you, as with ourselves, should it fail to draw a tear. The short word about Mental Cultivation is intended for

the juniors, though it may add something to the reflections of riper years. Vivenzo, an old acquaintance, presents you with a fine metrical exhortation against envy, which Rousseau somewhere says is the *virtue* of your sex. But Rousseau was an infidel, a polished skeptic, whose word is never safe. Next, Woman, whose character is not only defended but maintained, calls for your regard. The bestower of this diamond is a favorite and a friend. The sweet Vine, which curls its tendrils around our wrist, is the gift of one *gifted* in these wreaths of fancy and bouquets of the mind. The authoress, in sending it to our care, reminded us of our editorial knife, and requested us not to spare it for friendship's sake; but, so far as our poor judgment goes, it is just what a vine should be, and has not a twig to spare. The decease of little Watson Shears, a pious Sunday school scholar, is sweetly lamented by the far-famed Sappho of our land. Then we offer you the Voice of the Past—it is rather a mournful voice—the utterance of a well-known and really jovial old friend. He is actually a good-natured man, shakes you heartily by the hand, and keeps all his tears to shed through the eloquence of his pen. The remainder of our presents are nothing but trifles of our own, excepting the spirited Excelsior, entwined with a new wreath of flowers.

These, then, fair readers, are the offerings we bring you at this time; nor are the selections made with a sinister design. We have taken them up precisely as they appeared on our editorial file. Such are our arrangements for the year to come, that, unless counteracted by events now unforeseen, they will supply, equally well with this number, all the numbers of the year.

The engravings are, certainly, among the finest we have ever seen—procured, expressly for this volume, at great expense and pains. It was our intention, at first, to give the series of Wesleyan pictures in chronological order; but circumstances, which we could not master, have changed our mind. It may be, that, instead of suffering a loss, our readers may have thereby received a gain. We are not given, as our old readers know, to serial performances for a magazine like ours. Let the pieces come along accidentally, like flakes of snow, according to the weather or the wind; for nothing do we disrelish more, in such a work, than what is labored, stiff, and dry.

We have, now on hand, a large assortment of prose articles, but we ask for more. Our list of poets is, also, increasing; and, in this number, we give several new names. We have some, among those who aspire to the poetic wreath, who, we think, would do well to climb up Parnassus a few times more, before they put themselves in type. Take the following as a specimen of what we sometimes get:

"Your magazine has life and powder,
And sounds like father's gun, only seventy-four times louder;
Yes, it has solid matter,
Pleasant in brilliant metre;

Though these wondrous fruits I must disclose,
On branches from the north and south luxuriant grows,
From the east and west great matters of fact digest,
In richer gems than Eden's glorious morning's dewy vest!"
There is a stanza for you, reader, and for us a compliment. We, of course, cannot fail to feel a little proud!

A lady, in the state of New York, has sent us five new subscribers as a New-Year's gift. Another, a resident of New England, has sent us nine. We hear of others, who are active in the same good cause.



TO A DEW-DROP.

BY MISS F. A. BRODHEAD.

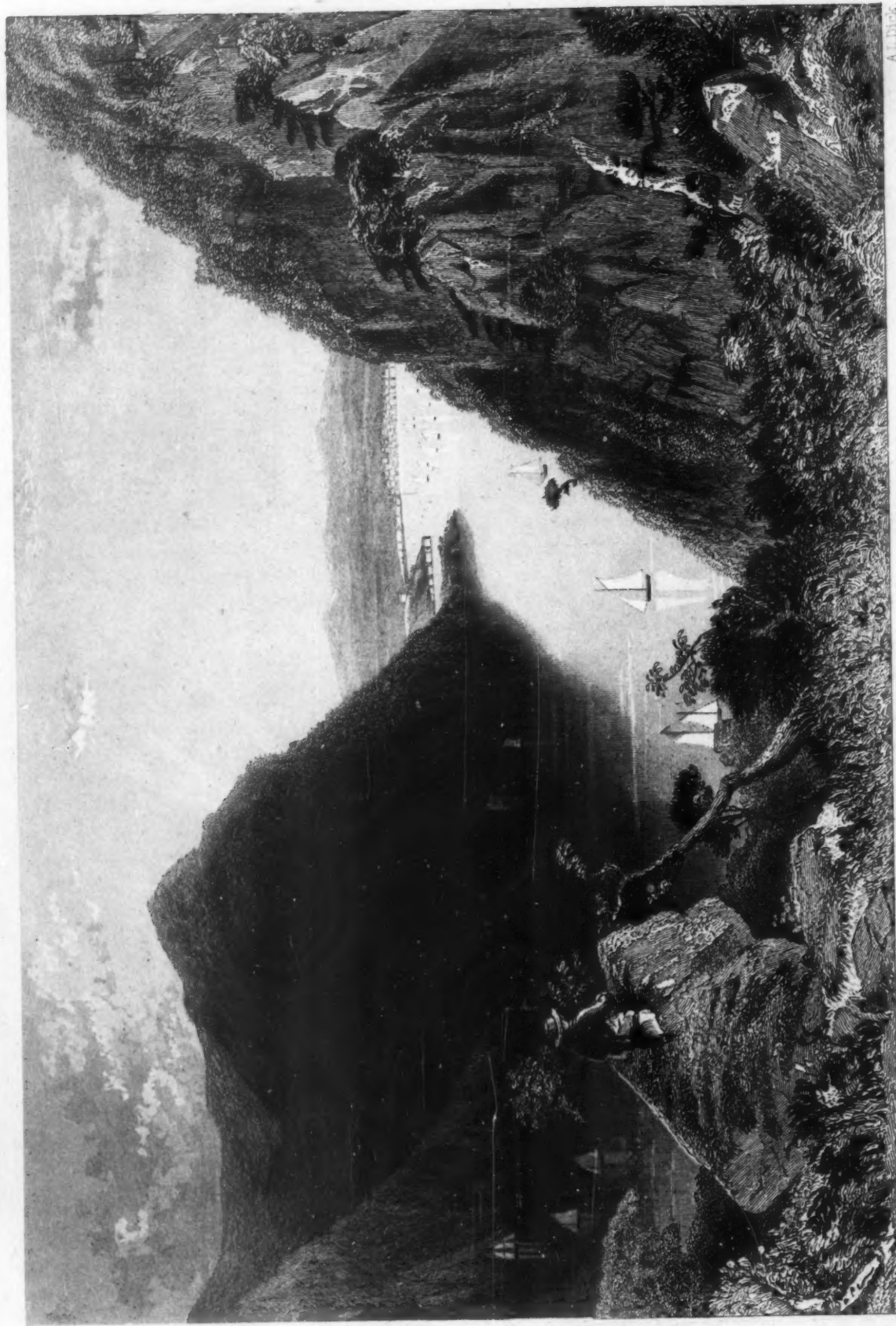
BEAUTIFUL drop! thou art fair to see!
O, thou child of the silver sea,
Whence comest thou, with thy hues of light,
All in their rainbow beauty bright?
Art thou not from the lovely sky,
Where purple and azure blend their dye?

Trembling thing in the lily's cup!
Sun or flower will drink thee up;
Thou wilt pass away and be seen no more;
We shall not remember the drop on the flower:
Child of the wave, I mourn for thee—
Soon thou wilt die and forgotten be.

"Neglected and lone I do not lie:
I'm tenderly watched by the Father's eye;
For he hath made me, and placed me here,
A gem on the lily-petal clear:
Soon and silent I pass away,
Leaving the lily in bright array.

"I came not down to the earth for fame:
I love to be lowly, and still the same.
I came to refresh a humble flower—
The loveliest on this Eden bower;
I shall not die, though I pass away
To a realm where beauty hath no decay."





HUDSON HIGHLANDS.
(from Bull Hill.)